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"UNDER THE RED ROBE," THE NEW PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, ADAPTED BY MR. EDWARD ROSE FROM MR. STANLEY WEYMAN'S NOVEL.

Act I: Entry of Richelieu's Guards into the Paris Gaming-House after the Duel.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Correspondence on any topic in a newspaper has the faculty of bringing to light a number of individuals of whose existence we should otherwise be ignorant. The late controversy about the inmates of smoking carriages has thus introduced to us quite an army of ladies who, it seems, from choice or compulsion habitually travel in those vehicles. The reasons that appear to actuate them are of two kinds, and, curiously enough, exactly opposite. The other carriages are too full, or else too empty; they don't like to be crowded, while, on the other hand, they are alarmed at entering a compartment with only a single man in it. They assert that male travellers are generally to be found alone in railway carriages, like solitary spiders waiting for a fly. If he is smoking, however—a habit which in the eyes of some good people is indicative of a vicious nature—they are not afraid of him. On the contrary they are attracted to him, though at the same time very indignant if for the better enjoyment of their society he does not put his pipe out. Though I have been a pretty frequent traveller by rail in my time, these facts have all the charm of novelty for me. Perhaps my appearance is not sufficiently prepossessing, but no lady has ever invaded my smoking-carriage except on one occasion, when, unhappily, it was not possible to impute it to the influence of my personal attractions.

I had taken my seat early, as is my prudent custom, in an express from Paddington, and had lit my pipe, when I was joined by a tall individual with blue eyes (the sort that become "steely" when annoyed), tawny moustaches, and beneath them the very longest cigar I have seen out of a pantomime. His gaze searched the platform eagerly, and presently a very pleasant-looking young lady tripped up to the carriage window, and, without the least hesitation—while he held the large cigar in his hand like a flambeau—kissed him. There is a considerable difference in kisses, small as is the area in which they take place, and I felt tolerably certain that she was not his sister. "How good of you to come and see me off!" he murmured. "Of course I came: how could I help it?" Down her two beautiful cheeks trickled two beautiful tears. "Of course you couldn't," he said, I must say rather egotistically. "They have no notion of my being here, Dick; they think I have gone out to lunch with Auntie." "Capital!" he replied, "there are five minutes yet; come in." Then I hid myself, as in duty bound, behind my newspaper. Nothing was heard but inarticulate whispers, and sounds like—well—getting very large corks out of very small bottles. Suddenly a great hand was placed upon my knee, "Your 'Bradshaw,' if you please!" He took it without waiting for my consent. "Yes, it can be done, my darling; we get to Reading in time for the up express; you can get out there and be home again by five o'clock—home from 'Auntie's,' you know." It was shocking to be made an accessory to such an act of duplicity, but there was no help for it. In addition to the moral shock, I had to suffer for three-quarters of an hour the inconvenience of holding a newspaper in front of me which I had already read. It would have been infamous to witness the emotions of those two innocent young creatures. Not an articulate word did they speak till they reached Reading, when, after the drawing of enough corks for a Lord Mayor's feast the pair had to separate. As she got out, she murmured very gratefully, "Thank you, Sir." That was all the reward I received from her sweet companionship, but I have never complained. If the man had not been there, I should never have mentioned it to anybody, but I don't like it to be supposed that I am the only one who has not suffered from a lady's getting into my smoking-carriage.

A determination has been arrived at, we are told, by the guardians of the poor that the old couples in the workhouse who have been recently permitted to marry shall not be allowed to partake of that happy state, as regards living together, for six months. A similar enactment is made by life assurance companies, which forbid their clients to reap the benefits of suicide for the same space of time. The reason of this new restraint on matrimony is that it is found that these old couples wed in order to acquire the more comfortable quarters that are given in the workhouses to married folk. What a shocking motive, and how entirely peculiar to the pauper class! How strange it would seem if people in society should enter into matrimony with similar mercenary views instead of being attracted, as we all know them to be, by beauty and wit and virtue! No wonder Mr. Bumble is horrified.

From the Report of the Inspector-General of Bankruptcy, it appears that women engaged in business are seldom bankrupt. "This," says a writer in the *Spectator*, "corresponds with the general impression that they are less liable to ruin themselves by too adventurous a spirit." This may be the impression about "women of business," a comparatively small class, but surely not of women in general. One would say, on the contrary, that they are eminently risky, and disinclined to hedge, in all matters, not excluding money. Many more women, in similar circumstances as to limited income, are ruined by speculative

investments than men. Trustees will tell you that it is their lady clients who are most eager to have their money placed where there is danger accompanied by larger gains. On the extravagance of fashionable women, as to dress and jewellery, it is not necessary to dwell: if they are not often bankrupt themselves, it is because they become so by proxy. At the same time, I am not surprised at the result described in the Report, which, to my mind, reflects the highest credit upon women: it shows that, notwithstanding their natural turn for speculation, it is restrained by the consciousness of responsibility. Much of their carelessness in money matters is caused by ignorance of them: they are "kept so short" by their husbands that what they do with the small sums he allows them does not seem to signify, while they will risk all to double it; or they know so little of their husband's affairs that they think he can afford expenses which, in fact, are beyond his means. When a woman has not proved her incapacity as regards expenditure it is only fair, and I feel sure would be to the common advantage, that she should have, if possible, a banking account of her own, or, at all events, some command of the purse. The wives of the poor are, as a rule, far better providers for the household than their husbands if any trust is reposed in them, but not otherwise.

Respecting the employment of carrier-pigeons as messengers for medical assistance, a Highland proprietor writes me, "I think your doctor must have borrowed the idea from me, since I began using pigeons (Antwerps) for this purpose as early as 1874. The idea of their finding their way by 'instinct,' as is popularly supposed, is all nonsense: they go by sight, and on a misty day, or if started too late in the afternoon, they either lost their way or refused to go. As you say, the hawks (in a deer forest the hawks are encouraged to keep down the grouse because they fly up and give warning to the deer in stalking) take toll of the pigeons; but I used to send out several with the same message at intervals, and if a hawk was seen in the neighbourhood I let out an ordinary white pigeon as a lure to attract the hawk away from the working pigeons. The birds were kept at the village where the doctor lived (where my provisions came from, and, in fact, where all messages had to be sent), and they were sent in turn in hampers up to me at my shooting lodge, where they were kept in a large cage till they were wanted to go a message. At the arriving place their only way of entering was through a door of wire, which they could push open, and which rang a bell to let the man in-charge know that a message had arrived. Inside this door, when messages were expected, the man hung a small cage, so the pigeon, instead of finding himself in his roomy home, got in what corresponds to the letter-box inside an ordinary front door, and actually 'delivered' himself both as letter and postman. By the way, I found messages best wrapped up like the mottoes in Christmas crackers, and tied under and to the middle tail feather; if tied to the leg, they hampered him, as he could not double his leg well while flying, and was apt to pick them off. Under the wing in an envelope, though that is the way they are always represented by artists, they would, of course, prevent the pigeon flying at all." As regards this interesting communication, there is one thing that puzzles me, the statement that the pigeons fly by sight. In that case how do they bring messages over sea—from Ostend, for instance?

The Sunday spouters in Hyde Park have had of late much attention drawn to them, and not undeservedly, for they represent quite a number of types, and some of them interesting. Of course there is the Infidel, very sarcastic and defiant; the Democrat, voluble and denunciatory; the preacher with gloomy views, and the preacher with cheerful ones, if hymns are proof of it; and there is the man who, to an audience generally juvenile, is eloquent upon the importance of the numeral seven. I have sometimes been his only adult disciple, but always with edification. It is, it seems, an harmonical number and a theological number (here we get very deep indeed) and an astronomical number. We have Seven Champions (nods of adhesion from the children), Seven Churches, Seven Dials (applause), Seven days' notice ("Ah," says one, who knows now what is being talked about), Seven sisters, and Seven years' transportation. It is a very varied lecture. Sometimes there is a good reciter; it is wonderful how he can retain the sentimental emotions (and continue to express them) under that rain of cynical interruption. There is the jail-bird (a master of his subject), who states the wrongs he has suffered in confinement. It is curious that he makes no pretence, as might be expected, of being an innocent man; perhaps he has looked in the glass and recognised that it is useless; perhaps he thinks he has more chance of sympathy from his audience as a rogue confessed. His allegations are amazing: he has been put in irons of twenty-eight pounds' weight (as a matter of fact, they never exceed six pounds), he has been flogged (Shame), he has been starved, and he has written, after his release, to the Home Secretary, to denounce his persecutors. The Home Secretary had replied that he ought to have complained while in the prison. A pretty thing indeed! As if a complaint from a prisoner was ever sent in! (Loud cries of "Never, never!") This gentleman has a good audience in a theatrical but hardly

in a moral sense. Many of them drag their legs from force of habit. Now and then there is to be found among the park spouters a really well-informed man. A military friend of mine tells me that quite lately he heard an excellent lecture, probably from an old soldier, on the former campaign in the Soudan. He made a little model of a zareba, the guns represented by lucifer matches and the outworks by twigs, and spoke of the gallant conduct of certain officers like one who had witnessed it. The fatal defect of all these orators to an educated ear is their misuse of the aspirate. Some of them have the gift of eloquence and some have not, but whether they speak fast or slow, they never stop to pick up their "h's," nor have the least perception that they have dropped them.

It was only a few months ago that a wife appealed to a London magistrate to make her husband talk to her. Another one has now made a similar application, and it is possible the silent system will be adopted in domestic circles more generally, though at present no husband has complained of his wife's dumbness. It seems a contemptible form of warfare to sit in the sulks all day without opening one's mouth. Silence may be golden, but one requires a little change occasionally in the speech that is silver. The silent pair must have had but a slow time, and it is no wonder that quarrel ("the foster-child of Silence and slow Time") came of it. It is a comfort to reflect that this speechless individual probably suffers from indigestion. The old bachelors who dine alone at the clubs have it, as the waiters well understand, and would prefer their being dumb. It would be interesting to know what methods the wife employed to tempt her spouse to break silence before she appealed to the magistrate. He could do nothing for her; did not, as usual, even send an officer to persuade the man to talk, but held out hopes that the Divorce Court might consider perpetual silence as a ground of separation.

Almost all our great writers have had their followers, and in many cases, of course, their mere imitators. When all have got the seed, the poet tells us, it is easy to raise the flower, though it is often no more like the original than if it were in wax, or even paper. Scott had, and indeed still has, disciples who have studied the style and manner of their master with more or less of effect. Some of them have been so successful that men almost "count new things as dear as old" in reading them. But hitherto we have had, so far as I know, no one on whom the mantle of Charles Reade can be said to have fallen. In the author of "A Rogue's March" we seem to have found him. He has similar thoughts and virtues; the same vigour and earnestness, the same contempt for probabilities when a dramatic situation seems desirable, the same belief in good in everybody, and the same absence of humour. It is in all respects a strong novel; though there is not a trace of impropriety about it, we can easily imagine it to be too strong for weak literary digestions. Its atmosphere is heavy with crime, but as it is not crime of to-day, we can behold it without a shudder. Though it is real enough, the epoch in which it occurred is sufficiently removed to avoid giving us too painful impressions; "such things we never saw, in fact, they're merely," not "Continental" indeed, but what is the same thing as regards nearness, out of all modern experience. We conclude Mr. Hornung has his dates correct, but it seems curious that a story beginning so late as 1837 should have such an old-world air about it. One would have thought that Newgate and its inmates as he describes them hardly belonged to the present century. The gambling and drinking and general license among the prisoners remind one of Fielding's description of jail life. The hero, Tom Erichsen, is in Newgate on a false charge of murder; he has a fight forced upon him by his thievish companions, all of whom are against him save a dying pickpocket, whom he has befriended—

Tom got him in his arms and pillowed the deathly head upon his naked chest. "Stand aside, lads!" he cried. "The excitement—he's going! Let the wardsman fetch help of some kind."

The wardsman had been a weakly protesting party to all that had happened; he was glad to get away.

The shrieking pandemonium was now silent as a church. The worst man there looked on in awe at Tom, with his closing eye and tender hands, and the gasping white face upon his bosom. Unheeded in his corner the lunatic still chuckled at intervals; there was but one other sound. A brief rally preceded the end; and a thing happened that might have chilled the coldest heart. Five nerveless white fingers, all skin and knuckles, were seen to steal into the pocket of him in whose arms the poor soul lay dying; and the member, but not the mind, following its vile trade to the end, so he died in the unconscious act.

Erichsen is of a complex nature, so is Daintree, the villain of the piece (one uses the word involuntarily, so dramatic is the novel). It is only in Australia, whither Tom is transported, that we meet with unmitigated characters. Convict life is described with pitiless truth—or what reads like truth—and its incidents are certainly not wanting in excitement. But besides the attraction of a story, there is a literary interest in its close relationship to one at least of Charles Reade's. Claire Harding, the heroine, might have walked out of his pages, and would have been a woman after his own heart.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FUNERAL OF ARCHBISHOP BENSON.

(See Supplement.)

The body of the Most Reverend Edward White Benson was buried in his own Cathedral at Canterbury on Friday, Oct. 16. Very stately, yet very simple, were the last rites with which the Anglican Church consigned to earth the mortal remains of her Primate. With the military to stand sentinel, the congregation filled the Cathedral, while the coffin, covered with a white pall, rested down in the Martyrdom, as they call the north transept where Thomas à Becket shed his blood. Candles burnt on either side of the coffin, where knelt in prayer two Sisters of Mercy. Then the coffin was carried out into the rain to re-enter the Cathedral by the west door, to the singing of "I am the Resurrection and the Life" by the united choirs of Rochester and Canterbury. Following the choir came a long line of clergy and prelates, the Canterbury Corporation, officers in uniform headed by General Sir W. Butler, and then the Dean, the Archbishop of York, and the Reverend H. Benson, a son of the dead prelate. Then came the coffin, on which rested wreaths from the Prince and Princess of Wales and from Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

For its pall-bearers it had the Master of Trinity College, Lord Ashcombe, Sir E. Maunde Thompson, the Chancellor of Truro Cathedral, the Earl of Cranbrook, the Head Master of Wellington College, the Dean of Lincoln, and Lord Macnaghten. Our Supplement shows the ceremony at this point, when the coffin rested at the foot of the choir-steps, with the wreath of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg at its foot, and others around the catafalque of violet velvet. Close at hand were the chief mourners, Mrs. Benson, on the arm of her eldest son, Mr. Arthur Benson, Mr. E. F. Benson, and Miss Benson. The Duke of York was there to represent the Queen, General Sir Dighton Probyn to represent the Prince of Wales; others present included the Lord Chamberlain (who carried a floral tribute from the Queen), Earl Stanhope, Lord Selborne, the Attorney-General, and the Rev. Stephen Gladstone. Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, read the familiar chapter from St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians; then followed Gounod's anthem "Send out Thy light and Thy truth," rendered with fine effect. So the north-west tower witnessed the last portion of the Burial Office until the *Nunc Dimittis* was sung, while the Archbishop of York wended his way back to the choir to pronounce from the altar-steps the last benediction.

The service over, many of those present lingered round the grave. Beside the vault, which soldiers guarded, many flowers were scattered. Those sent by the Queen took the form of a cross; tied to it by white ribbon was a card inscribed in her Majesty's own handwriting: "A mark of the greatest regard and friendship and affection from Queen Victoria, R.I." An enormous wreath of white blossom bore the initials "W.I.R.," those of the German Emperor. Another wreath had a card with the following words: "As a token of respect and sincere regard from the Prince and Princess of Wales." The Duke of York brought his own wreath: "A tribute of friendship and respect from George and Victoria Mary"; while a wreath of white chrysanthemums bore the legend: "A mark of deep respect and regard from Beatrice."

THE CRISIS IN TURKEY.

The intense feelings of alarm and anxiety now prevailing all over Europe with reference to the demoralised, intolerable, and sternly threatened Ottoman Empire have produced almost daily groundless or premature rumours of approaching foreign intervention. A naval forcible passage of the Dardanelles, in which American vessels of war, lying at Smyrna, were said to be going to take part, and the preparation of a Russian military force at Odessa to descend upon the Bosphorus were seriously announced last week by some Continental newspapers; but neither of those events is at all likely without previous formal deliberations of the Great Powers, who would probably choose some different way of acting upon the infatuated Sultan, if they could agree to do anything effectual, of which as yet there is no sign. The Pope has sent a letter to the Sultan, calling upon him to desist from the massacre of his Christian subjects, though few of these belong to the Roman Catholic communion; the Sultan declines to hear any further remonstrances concerning the Armenians, whom he denounces as rebels and conspirators, but gives his assent to another futile scheme of administrative reforms in the Asiatic provinces, which the Russian

Ambassador has put before him. Many thousands of Armenians have left Constantinople and other Turkish cities, where they used to practise various trades and industries, and were considered a very peaceable class of townfolk. On another page we give views of the Armenian Cemetery in the suburbs of the capital city.

TRAFALGAR DAY.

"Britannia rules the waves!" is our great national motto, copyright, complete; and Nelson, the greatest of all her sons, remains our most popular, perhaps our "only, hero." To the man to whom our first line of defence is a meaningless phrase Nelson sums up once and for all the naval history of England. His glory grows year by year; distance only helps to magnify the magic of his name, and his grip tightens on the imagination of his countrymen. This week has witnessed a popular outburst of enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the country, which demonstrates as nothing else could the canonisation of the hero of Trafalgar; and the capital on Wednesday rang with something of the enthusiasm which echoed on that March morning in 1801 when the citizens were fired by Campbell's stirring verses in the *Morning Chronicle*, which sang "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Nelson comes home to the hearts of all men, not as a spotless saint, but as an intensely human

THE SOUDAN CAMPAIGN.

This week we publish several illustrations of the final advance on Dongola from the sketches of our Special Artist in the Soudan. One of these shows the Anglo-Egyptian artillery shelling the Dervish garrison at Hafir in the successful action from which both gun-boats and troops passed on to Dongola. Another illustration shows the gun-boats bombarding Dongola itself with the heavy fire which finally spread panic among those of the Dervish force who had not already retreated from the stronghold.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It is not strange or wonderful that the commanding figure of Cardinal Richelieu should be the centre of attraction in so many celebrated plays and romances. In the preface to his own celebrated stage play written for Macready, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, pregnantly observes: "The administration of Cardinal Richelieu, whom (despite all his darker qualities) Voltaire and history justly consider the true architect of the French monarchy and the great parent of French civilisation, is characterised by features alike tragic and comic." Of these features the dramatist readily availed himself, as will be discovered by all who read the play, and particularly by those who have seen either Samuel Phelps or Henry Irving act the part of the famous Cardinal. There is a good deal of grim humour in the great Cardinal. Later on Lord Lytton observes, and the observation will help us in discussing the period of the new Haymarket play, "Under the Red Robe": "Blent together in startling contrast we see the grandest achievements and the pettiest agents—the spy, the mistress, the Capuchin, the destruction of feudalism, the humiliation of Austria, the dismemberment of Spain."

In one sentence of Voltaire we seem to trace the whole plan of Stanley Weyman's delightful story, and, consequently, the plot of Edward Rose's careful and well considered work. Voltaire says: "The Cardinal thought that he was lost, and prepared his retreat. His friends persuaded him to make one last effort with the King. The Cardinal presented himself before the King at Versailles. The King, who had sacrificed his Minister by weakness, restored him also by weakness, and gave up to him all those who had sought his destruction. That day, which is up to the present moment called 'The Day of Dupes' (La Journée des Dupes), saw the absolute power of the Cardinal." It must be confessed that the whole dramatic significance of "The Day of Dupes" is not fully brought out either by Lord Lytton or Edward Rose. It is better done in an old French play of that name. Lord Lytton had more opportunity to give it scope, because the rose-robed Cardinal is the central figure of his play. In Mr. Rose's romance, the Cardinal is of secondary importance, and the love story, so delicately told by Stanley Weyman, takes the first place. And it makes a very excellent romance for the stage—a picture full of light, life, and colour, costumes of a fascinating period, enabling our actors and actresses to get away for a while from modern manners and coats and trousers; and every detail

of stage splendour carefully attended to by the young and popular managers, Frederic Harrison and Cyril Maude, who have already been sincerely congratulated on their enterprise. It may strike the chance spectator that the hero of the Haymarket play takes a long time in being converted by love, and that his deeds are absolutely unheroic until the last minute. But here, of course, the novelist gets the pull, as it were, of the dramatist, for he is able to chat, talk, explain, and moralise with his readers. The play had the advantage throughout of careful and intelligent acting. Mr. Herbert Waring and Mr. Bernard Gould, the lion and unicorn of the drama, fighting for the crown of precedence, were both admirable, the one dashing, impulsive, and never monotonous, as some romantic actors are, the other a very fine study indeed of a bluff, outspoken soldier, who speaks his mind without fear or favour. The charming character of Renée falls, of course, to Miss Winifred Emery, and all who know the style and sweetness of this persuasive actress would know how she, in turn, would allow love to conquer her suspicions, and then allow love to wrestle with and defeat her conqueror. Mr. Cyril Maude, with a reticence and a self-abnegation highly praiseworthy, but, as a rule, unusual in the annals of the stage, handed over Cardinal Richelieu, a character which would naturally belong to him, to Mr. Sidney Valentine, and took, instead, the comic soldier-swaggerer so well known in dozens of popular plays. Both actors distinguished themselves, but the Cardinal has the advantage of a reappearance in the last act, whereas poor Mr. Cyril Maude is toppled over a cliff and is killed by a dumb man long before the play is over.



THE ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR: DECORATION OF THE NELSON COLUMN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

brother. His picturesque personality has silenced the Puritanism that forgot to be patriotic, and to-day he stands as far above all our heroes as, in stone, he actually looks down on London from his splendid pinnacle in Trafalgar Square. His career, brief though it was, reads like a perfect romance: the son of the Norfolk parson; Midshipman at the age of twelve; Lieutenant at eighteen; Captain at twenty-two; Rear-Admiral ere he was forty. And he suffered bodily for his country as few great leaders have done. The siege of Calvi robbed him (in 1794) of the sight of his right eye. Three years later he parted with his right arm. Then civil honours rained thick upon him. St. Vincent brought him a knighthood, the Nile made him Baron, and Copenhagen crowned him Viscount. Yet what need to detail his life? It was all told in miniature on the splendid and the fatal 21st of October, 1805, when he fought Trafalgar. At dawn he sighted the enemy—thirty-three ships strong; but, eager for the fray, he steered his fleet of twenty-seven over the twelve miles that lay between. Yet, amid the bustle of coming battle, he was true to himself when he went below to write the famous codicil to his will, in which he left Lady Hamilton a legacy "to my King and country." At noon he hoisted the thrilling signal, "England expects every man will do his duty!" By five he died, with the words, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" They buried him in January in the crypt of St. Paul's, laying the coffin in the gorgeous sarcophagus that Wolsey had had made for King Hal; and ever since his countrymen have worshipped him, even in an age which is fain to break images and pull heroes down. Nelson, indeed, is the darling of the people.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR.



BRITISH FLEET:

VICTORY (Nelson's Flag-Ship),
 TEMERAIRE, NEPTUNE,
 LEVIATHAN, CONQUEROR,
 ROYAL SOVEREIGN, BELLEISLE, MARS.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, OCTOBER 21, 1805.

From the Picture painted for the Senior United Service Club by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.

COMBINED FLEET:

BUCENTAURE, SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD,
 REDOUTABLE, SANTA ANNA,
 FOUGUEUX, ACHILLE.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR.



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR: ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD ON BOARD THE "ROYAL SOVEREIGN."

DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"During the hottest of the fire Admiral Collingwood remained alone on the poop of the 'Royal Sovereign,' calmly munching apples which were brought to him by a midshipman."

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Cambridge has been presented with an address and a gold casket by the Corporation of London. A bust of the Duke now adorns the Council Chamber, and it might be well to inscribe beneath it his characteristic remark that for anything he had done for his country he owed "thanks to a good constitution and a desire to do his duty." There is a hearty bluntness about this which entitles it to be commemorated in a standing toast. Why should not the Lord Mayor and Corporation make a point of drinking at City banquets to "Our Duty and our Constitutions"?

Sir Frank Lockwood, who returned from his American tour on Saturday, despite a rough voyage home and much attendant suffering, looks in the best of health, and is certainly in the best of spirits. One thing Sir Frank has done in the States is to establish a reputation as an after-dinner speaker. "He is equal to Chauncey Depew," they say; and that from the mouth of an American means everything. As a matter of fact the two men were heard together, so that there was an excellent opportunity for judging. Sir Frank Lockwood, like Lord Russell, comes back admiring the arrangements of the American hotels, amazed at the size of the Sunday paper, and very tolerant in his tone about the inevitable interviewer.

Political feeling has run very low, judging from the difficulty in finding candidates for East Bradford. Mr. Keir Hardie is to the fore as the representative of "Independent" labour, but the Unionists and Liberals have been perplexed by the unwillingness of local politicians to stand. Domestic politics, indeed, are flat, and the Armenian agitation has only shown how strong is Lord Salisbury's hold upon the popular confidence. At the St. James's Hall meeting the Prime Minister's name was cheered as loudly as Mr. Gladstone's by an audience which was mainly composed of people not to be classed among the ordinary supporters of the Government.

Lord Meath has carried his point about the exhibition of the Union Jack in Board schools. The London School Board has formally undertaken that the children under its care shall have the opportunity of seeing the flag to their hearts' content. Nothing very remarkable may ensue, but there is no reason why a patriotic emblem should be hidden away. After all, the average school urchin can be none the worse for a little national sentiment.

Mr. George Arthur Fripp, the elder of two brothers who have left their mark upon English water-colour painting, died at Hampstead on Oct. 17.

He was born at Bristol in 1813, where his father, the Rev. S. C. Fripp, was the incumbent of one of the city churches. George Fripp, like his brother Alfred, profited by the art teaching of Samuel Jackson—the father of the Bristol school—and more especially of their fellow-townsmen William J. Müller. George Fripp, however, began his career as a painter in oils, and it was owing to his intimacy, and journey to Italy, with Müller in 1834 that he finally decided to devote himself more especially to water-colour painting; but he continued until 1848, if not later, to work in both mediums. In 1841 he left Bristol and came to London, and in the course of the same year was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and four years later was advanced to full membership. He held the post of Secretary from 1848 to 1854, and again temporarily in 1864-65, when, from pressure of work, he was obliged to resign the office. His chief sketching-grounds in later life were to be found within the four seas of his native land, but it was by his early pictures of Switzerland and North Italy that he first claimed attention. More recently the banks of the Thames, the moorlands of Yorkshire, the ruins of South Wales, attracted his attention; and at another period Kent, Sussex, and Dorset, with their cliffs and rocky coasts, occupied him, and at a later date he pushed on to Cornwall and the Channel Islands.

Like his brother Alfred, George Fripp eschewed the use of body colour in his paintings, relying upon delicacy of touch for his atmospheric effects. These, although wanting, perhaps, in the subtlety which marks the most modern school, were always truthful and pleasing, and in the series of Scotch drawings, chiefly made in Ross-shire and Skye—after his visit "by command" to Balmoral—George Fripp showed a higher range of power than in his more homely and peaceful river scenes, or even in the attractive Essex series. He was essentially conservative in his habits, and although he accentuated his work somewhat more strongly than the painters of the Bristol school, it was on transparently warm and diffused colour that he relied for his effects.

Sir William Harcourt has been the victim of a hoax. A letter purporting to come from him, and alluding to Lord Rosebery as "an amiable and distinguished statesman" appeared in all the papers, and was pretty generally credited. It proved to be a forgery, the author of which must have been considerably elated by his success.

M. Barthou, French Minister of the Interior, has taken an adventurous initiative in regard to the "point of honour." He was accused of having speculated discredibly to raise the money which figured as his wedding

portion. Instead of calling out his traducer, he submitted the case to a "jury of honour," impartially selected by both sides. The jury found that M. Barthou was absolutely innocent. The money in question was contributed by his parents. This judgment has been accepted by the author of the charge, and M. Barthou's personal credit is proportionately higher. He might have fought a duel and killed his assailant without disproving the calumny. This is the common-sense view of duelling, and we should be glad to think that the example of M. Barthou will be followed by others in the same circumstances, though public life has reached a pretty pass when statesmen have to submit their private affairs to a "jury" in reply to irresponsible calumniators.

The military code of "honour" in Germany has been significantly illustrated by the murder of an artisan at Carlsruhe. Having inadvertently pushed the chair of an officer at a café, he was called upon to apologise. When he declined, he was run through the body. The military code, it seems, compels an officer in such a case to murder an unarmed man or else quit the service. Germans are pretty well accustomed to this brutal savagery, but the incident at Carlsruhe appears to have excited some indignation.

An anti-English frenzy still possesses the German Press. One journal gravely informs its readers that "German-baiting" has begun in London. This stupid fabrication seems to have been provoked by the general indifference of Englishmen to German opinion. The clumsy attempt of the colonial party in Germany to provoke a quarrel between the two countries over Zanzibar, to which the Germans have no more claim than they have to the North Pole, has been treated in this country with serenity. So far from being "baited," Germans in England enjoy a particularly good time, and must regard the tantrums of their newspapers at home with unmixed disgust.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales on Monday left Marlborough House to visit the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry at Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees.

The publication of Mr. George Meredith's inspiring Trafalgar ode serves to remind us that Nelson once stayed at the Burford Bridge Hotel, within a stone's-throw of the place where his latest laureate lives.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone left Hawarden on Friday to stay a short time at Penmaenmawr, on the coast of North Wales.

Political meetings have been held in London by the Executive Committee of the National Liberal Federation to consider Lord Rosebery's retirement from the party leadership: at Glasgow, where Sir George Trevelyan addressed his constituents; at Falkirk, Lord Tweedmouth speaking there; again at Glasgow, Mr. G. N. Curzon expounding the Government policy with regard to the Egyptian Sudan and the situation of the Turkish Empire. Sir Edward Clarke has spoken at York; Mr. Asquith and Mr. Haldane in Scotland. An influential meeting to denounce the massacres of the Armenians took place at St. James's Hall, in London, on Monday evening, the Bishop of Rochester presiding, with the Bishop of Hereford, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Earl Beauchamp, Mayor of Worcester, the Head Master of Harrow, Canon Wilberforce, and several Nonconformist ministers taking part in the proceedings. A letter from Mr. Gladstone was read to the meeting.

Modestly lost in the crowd at the St. James's Hall demonstration on Monday evening was Mr. William Watson, whose "Purple East" sonnets did a great deal to kindle the enthusiasm for the persecuted Armenians of which that meeting was the outcome.

A meeting, with the Earl of Onslow in the chair, was held on Friday to promote the municipal incorporation of Westminster, including Knightsbridge, as a city, with a Mayor and Town Council.

The Elcho Shield, the trophy yearly contended for by the championship teams of England, Scotland, and Ireland at the meeting of the National Rifle Association, having this year been won by England, was placed for keeping in the Guildhall of London, with a ceremonial reception by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, on Saturday afternoon. The Lord Mayor entertained a large party of officers at a banquet.

The Czar and Czarina, at Darmstadt, as the guests of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, have been entertained with cordial hospitality and with tokens of public festivity less ostentatious than those exhibited in other capitals. They were at Homburg on Friday, and there met the Empress Frederick. On Sunday their Imperial Majesties went for a few hours to Wiesbaden to visit the Russian Grand Duchess Constantine and to attend worship in a Russian chapel there, erected by the Grand Duke of Luxemburg in memory of his deceased wife.

It is officially estimated, in Paris that the expenses incurred by the French Government for the splendid reception of the Czar and Czarina in France amount to £280,000, which account has been sanctioned by the Council of State.

The German Emperor and Empress on Sunday were at Minden, in Westphalia, to unveil a monument of the Emperor William I. His Majesty went on Monday to meet the Czar and Czarina again before their departure from Hesse-Darmstadt.

A monument, erected by the city of Coblenz in memory of the late Empress Augusta, wife of the Emperor William I., was uncovered on Sunday in the presence of the Empress Frederick, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, and Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold of Prussia.

The release of Tynan, the "Number One" of the "Irish Invincibles" in the Fenian conspiracy at Dublin in 1882, was effected last week at Boulogne by order of the French Government; on Friday he went to Paris, and thence to Cherbourg, where he embarked on Sunday in the steamer *Saale* for New York.

M. Léon Delafosse, whose recitals at St. James's Hall are now attracting a good deal of attention, is one of the most distinguished of the younger French pianists of the day. Born twenty-five years ago, he studied at the Paris Conservatoire, carrying off several prizes. Among others he secured one at the age of thirteen, when studying under the direction of M. Marmontel. Since then the chief Symphony Concerts in Paris, the French provinces, and

abroad have afforded him full scope for his great talents, and everywhere he has won golden opinions. His repertoire is considerable, and his execution is specially brilliant in the works of Liszt. M. Delafosse is a charming composer, and has written several works for piano and various

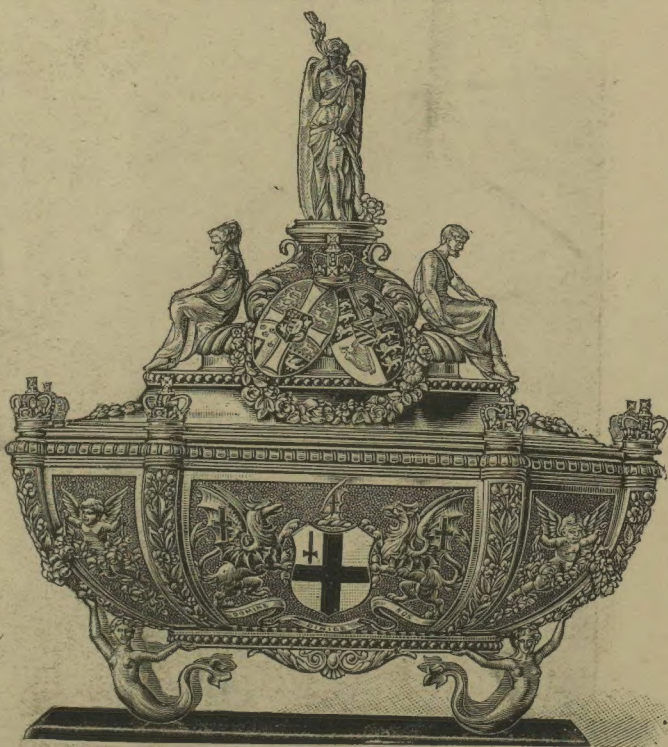
suites of melodies on verses by Count Robert de Montesquieu, who nicknamed him "the lion of the piano." M. Delafosse was heard in London nearly three years ago in two private recitals at the new Erard Hall, in which Sarah Bernhardt lent him the assistance of her talent.



M. LEON DELAFOSSE.

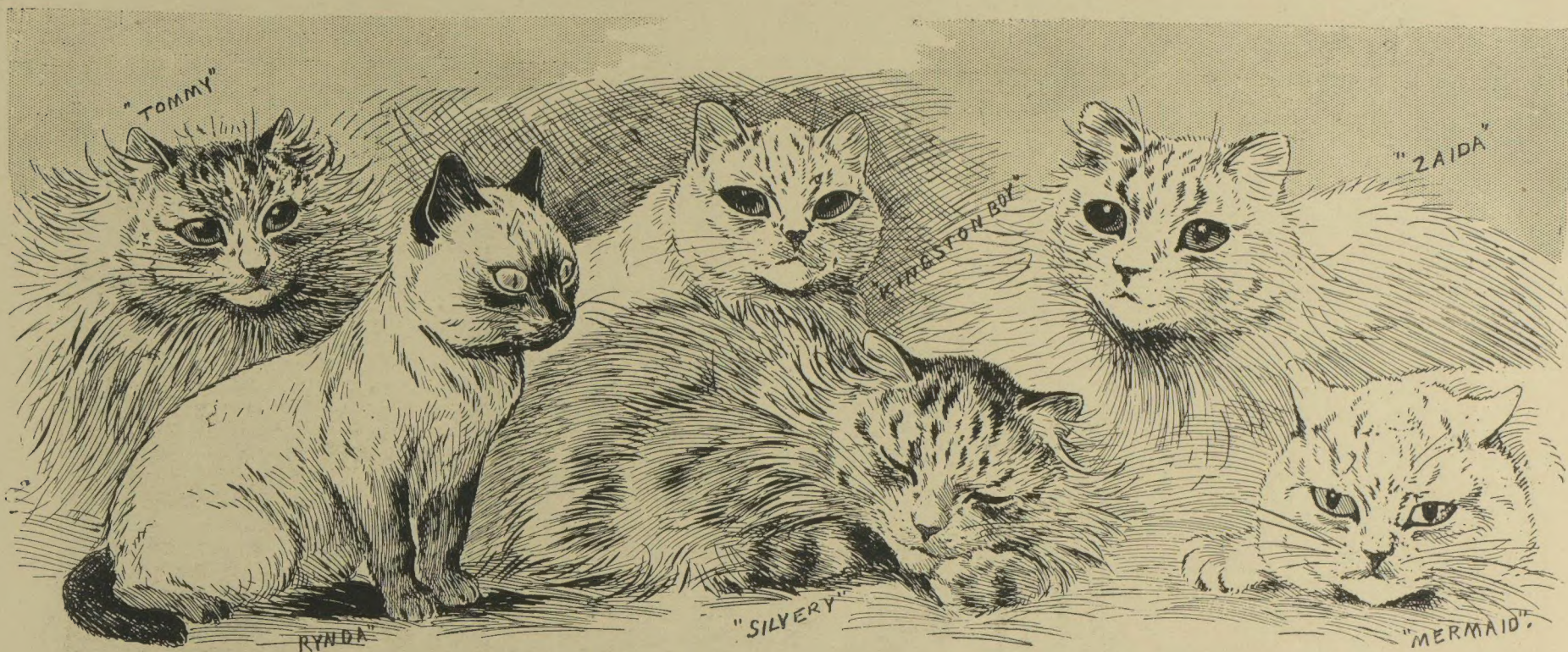
THE NATIONAL CAT CLUB SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The championship show of the National Cat Club, which took place on Oct. 13 and 14 at the Crystal Palace, was marked by entries of exhibits to the number of several hundred in excess of previous shows of the kind. The cats were remarkably well cared for during their sojourn before the public gaze, quite a number of sheep being requisitioned for their diet: for the modern cat is dainty, and is so well looked after that the hereditary instinct for mousing has almost died out. Your long-haired cat is no longer merely a "Persian" as of old. It has been taken in hand by fanciers, who, by careful breeding, have developed the species until it has become necessary to denominate its various types by the more comprehensive class-term, "long-haired." This year the long-haired specimens show an extraordinary increase in quality and numbers. The special prize list also favours the English-bred long-haired as against the old-fashioned English cat. The long-lost tortoise-shell tom has at last turned up in all his glory of sheer ugliness, the result of many years of patient experimental breeding; but he could not beat a phenomenal English tabby, "Champion Xenophon," for the challenge cup given for the best short-haired cat in the show. The Siamese cat is another case of an English survival, for this year he makes a fine show. The Russian blue cat, too, is still the vogue, although Lady Marcus Beresford's efforts to popularise a very rare sable cat threaten to usurp all the known varieties of long-haired cats. The National Cat Club, since its reconstitution by its hon. secretary, Mrs. Stennard Robinson, this year has taken up a more public position, and under her able guidance and the dual presidency of her Grace the Duchess of Bedford and Lord Marcus Beresford, a very prosperous future is before it.

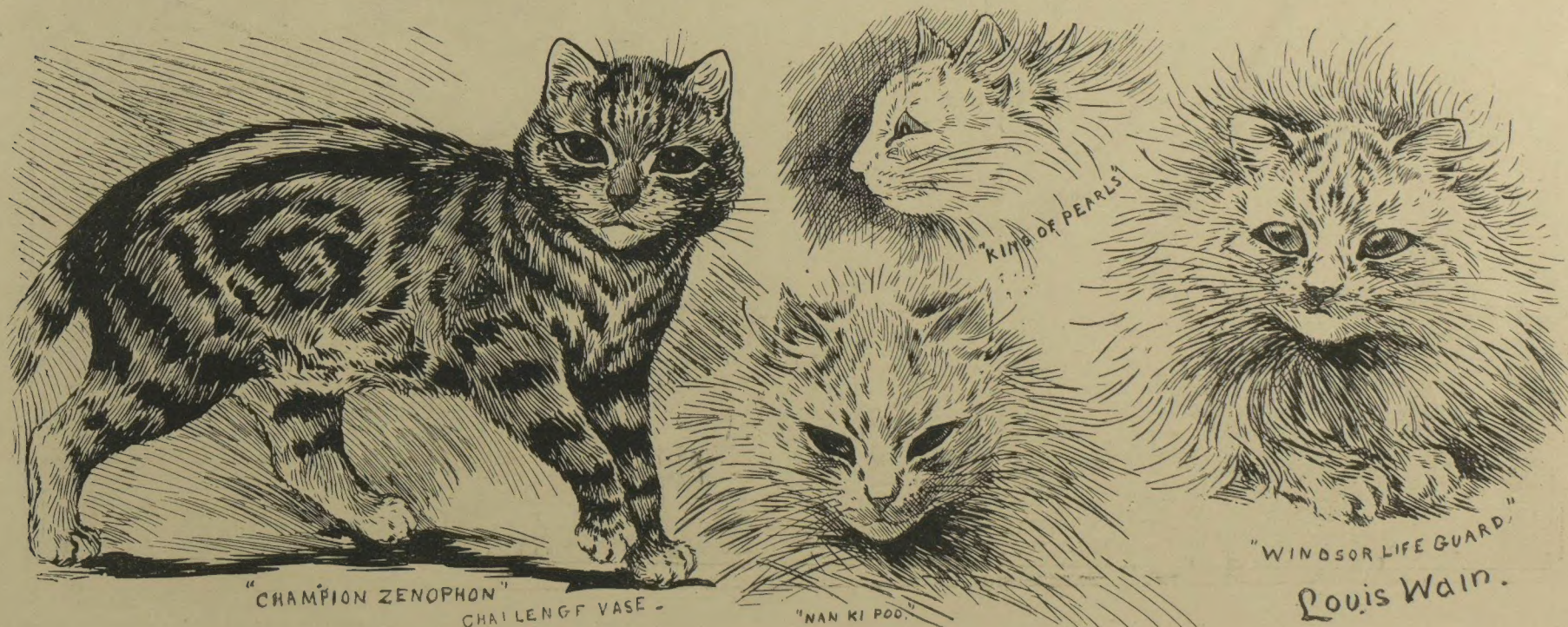


THE CITY'S PRESENTATION TO PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK.

The Corporation of the City of London has presented Princess Maud with an address. It was contained in an oblong gold casket (the handwork of Messrs. Elkington and Co.) with the corners taken off, so as to make a long octagon with unequal angles, the face of each angle forming a panel. The front panel contains the arms of the City of London in enamel, while that at the back contains a picture of an ancient Danish war-galley. The other panels are decorated with cupids carrying wreaths of flowers. On the front cover two shields, joined together by a wreath of flowers, bear the arms of England and Denmark, supported by figures emblematic of strength and wisdom.



MISS E. SOUTHAMS BIRKDALE RUFFIE
(SILVER MEDAL)



Louis Wain.

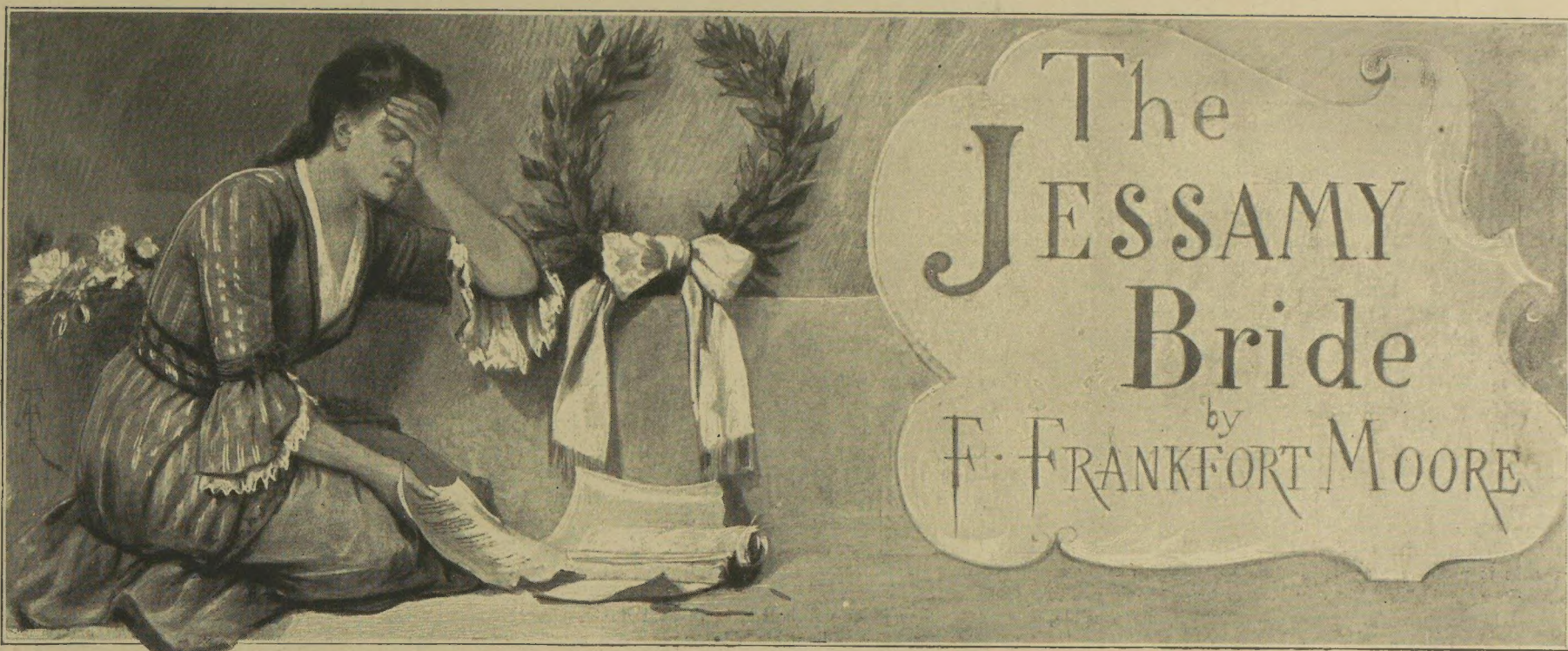
PRIZE WINNERS AT THE NATIONAL CAT CLUB SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Drawn by Louis Wain.



THE ADVANCE ON DONGOLA: THE ARTILLERY SHELLING THE DERVISH FORCE AT HAFIR.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER VII.

Goldsmith followed the direction of her eyes and saw that their object was a man in the uniform of an officer, who was chatting with Mrs. Abington. He was a showily handsome man, though his face bore evidence of some dissipated years, and there was an undoubted swagger in his bearing.

Meanwhile Goldsmith watched him. The man caught sight of Miss Horneck and gave a slight start, his jaw falling for an instant—only for an instant, however; then he recovered himself and made an elaborate bow to the girl across the room.

Goldsmith turned to Miss Horneck and perceived that her face had become white; she returned very coldly the man's recognition, and only after the lapse of some seconds. Goldsmith possessed naturally both delicacy of feeling and tact. He did not allow the girl to see that he had been a witness of a *rencontre* which evidently was painful to her; but he spoke to her sister, who was amusing her husband by a scarcely noticeable imitation of a certain great lady known to both of them; and, professing himself woefully ignorant as to the *personnel* of the majority of the people who were present, inquired first what was the name of a gentleman wearing a star and talking to a group of apparently interested ladies, and then of the officer whom he had seen make that elaborate bow.

Mrs. Bunbury was able to tell him who was the gentleman with the star, but after glancing casually at the other man, she shook her head.

"I have never seen him before," she said. "I don't think he can be anyone in particular. The people whom we don't know are usually nobodies—until we come to know them."

"That is quite reasonable," said he. "It is a distinction to become your friend. It will be remembered in my favour when my efforts as Professor at the Academy are forgotten."

His last sentence was unheard, for Mrs. Bunbury was giving all her attention to her sister, of whose face she had just caught a glimpse.

"Heavens, child!" she whispered to her, "what is the matter with you?"

"What should be the matter with me?" said Mary. "What, except—oh, this place is stifling! And the managers boasted that it would be cool and well ventilated at all times!"

"My dear girl, you'll be quite right when I take you into the air," said Bunbury.

"No, no; I do not need to leave the rotunda, I shall be myself in a moment," said the girl somewhat huskily and spasmodically. "For heaven's sake don't stare so, child," she added to her sister, making a pitiful attempt to laugh.

"But, my dear——" began Mrs. Bunbury; she was interrupted by Mary.

"Nay," she cried, "I will not have our mother alarmed, and—well, everyone knows what a tongue Mrs. Thrale has. Oh, no; already the faintness has passed away. What should one fear with a doctor in one's company? Come, Dr. Goldsmith, you are a sensible person. You do not make a fuss. Lend me your arm, if you please."

"With all pleasure in life," cried Oliver.

He offered her his arm, and she laid her hand upon it. He could feel how greatly she was trembling.

When they had taken a few steps away Mary looked back at her sister and Bunbury and smiled reassuringly at them. Her companion saw that, immediately afterwards,

her glance went in the direction of the officer who had bowed to her.

"Take me up to one of the galleries, my dear friend," she said. "Take me somewhere—some place away from here—any place away from here."

He brought her to an alcove off one of the galleries where only one sconce with wax candles was alight.

"Why should you tremble, my dear girl?" said he. "What is there to be afraid of? I am your friend—you know that I would die to save you from the least trouble."



He looked at her strangely for a moment, and then walked slowly away from her with his head bent.

"Trouble? Who said anything about trouble?" she cried. "I am in no trouble—only for the trouble I am giving you, dear Goldsmith. And you did not come in the bloom-tinted coat after all."

He made no reply to her spasmodic utterances. The long silence was broken only by the playing of the band, following Madame Agujari's song—the hum of voices and laughter from the well-dressed mob in the rotunda and around the galleries.

At last the girl put her hand again upon his arm, saying—

"I wonder what you think of this business, my dear friend—I wonder what you think of your Jessamy Bride."

"I think nothing but what is good of you, my dear," said he tenderly. "But if you can tell me of the matter that troubles you, I think I may be able to make you see that it should not be a trouble to you for a moment. Why, what can possibly have happened since we were all so merry in France together?"

"Nothing—nothing has happened—I give you my word upon it," she said. "Oh, I feel that you are altogether right. I have no cause to be frightened—no cause to be troubled. Why, if it came to fighting, have not I a brother? Ah, I had much better say nothing more. You could not understand—psha! there is nothing to be understood, dear Dr. Goldsmith; girls are foolish creatures."

"Is it nothing to you that we have been friends so long, dear child?" said he. "Is it not possible for you to let me have your confidence? Think if it be possible, Mary. I am not a wise man where my own affairs are concerned, but I feel that for others—for you, my dear—ah, child, don't you know that if you share a secret trouble with another its poignancy is blunted?"

"I have never had consolation except from you," said the girl. "But this—this—oh, my friend, by what means did you look into a woman's soul to enable you to write those lines—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late . . . ?"

There was a long pause before he started up with his hand pressed to his forehead. He looked at her strangely for a moment, and then walked slowly away from her with his head bent. Before he had taken more than a dozen steps, however, he stopped, and, after another moment of indecision, hastened back to her and offered her his hand, saying—

"I am but a man; I can think nothing of you but what is good."

"Yes," she said; "it is only a woman who can think everything that is evil about a woman. It is not by men that women are deceived to their own destruction, but by women."

She sprang to her feet and laid her hand upon his arm once again.

"Let us go away," she said. "I am sick of this place. There is no corner of it that is not penetrated by the Agujari's singing. Was there ever any singing so detestable? And they pay her fifty guineas a song! I would pay fifty guineas to get out of earshot of the best of her efforts."

Her laugh had a shrill note that caused it to sound very pitiful to the man who heard it.

He spoke no word, but led her tenderly back to where her mother was standing with Burke and her son.

"I do hope that you have not missed Agujari's last song," said Mrs. Horneck. "We have been entranced with its melody."

"Oh, no; I have missed no note of it—no note. Was there ever anything so delicious—so liquid-sweet? Is it not time that we went homeward, mother? I do feel a little tired, in spite of the Agujari."

"At what an admirable period we have arrived in the world's history!" said Burke. "It is the young miss in these days who insists on her mother's keeping good hours. How wise we are all growing!"

"Mary was always a wise little person," said Mrs. Horneck.

"Wise? Oh, let us go home!" said the girl wearily.

"Dr. Goldsmith will, I am sure, direct our coach to be called," said her mother.

Goldsmith bowed and pressed his way to the door, where he told the janitor to call for Mrs. Horneck's coach.

He led Mary out of the rotunda, Burke having gone before with the elder lady. Goldsmith did not fail to notice the look of apprehension on the girl's face as her eyes wandered around the crowd in the porch. He could hear the little sigh of relief that she gave after her scrutiny.

The coach had drawn up at the entrance, and the little party went out into the region of flaring links and pitch-scented smoke. While Goldsmith was in the act of helping Mary Horneck up the steps, he was furtively glancing around, and before she had got into a position for seating herself by the side of her mother, he dropped her hand in so clumsy a way that several of the onlookers laughed. Then he retreated, bowing awkwardly, and, to crown his stupidity, he turned round so rapidly and unexpectedly that he ran violently full-tilt against a gentleman in uniform, who was hurrying to the side of the chariot as if to take leave of the ladies.

The crowd roared as the officer lost his footing for a

moment and staggered among the loiterers in the porch, not recovering himself until the vehicle had driven away. Even then Goldsmith, with disordered hair—his wig had fallen off—was barring the way to the carriage, profusely apologising for his awkwardness.

"Curse you for a lout!" cried the officer.

Goldsmith put his hat on his head.

"Look you, Sir!" he said. "I have offered you my humblest apologies for the accident. If you do not choose to accept them, you have but got to say as much and I am at your service. My name is Goldsmith, Sir—Oliver Goldsmith—and my friend is Mr. Edmund Burke. I flatter myself that we are both as well known and of as high repute as yourself, whoever you may be."

The onlookers in the porch laughed, those outside gave an encouraging cheer, while the chairmen and linkmen, who were nearly all Irish, shouted "Well done, your Honour! The little Doctor and Mr. Burke for ever!" For both Goldsmith and Burke were as popular with the mob as they were in society.

While Goldsmith stood facing the scowling officer, an elderly gentleman, in the uniform of a general and with his breast covered with orders, stepped out from the side of the porch and shook Oliver by the hand. Then he turned to his opponent, saying—

"Dr. Goldsmith is my friend, Sir. If you have any quarrel with him you can let me hear from you. I am General Oglethorpe."

"Or if it suits you better, Sir," said another gentleman coming to Goldsmith's side, "you can send your friend to my house. My name is Lord Clare."

"My Lord," cried the man, bowing with a little swagger, "I have no quarrel with Dr. Goldsmith. He has no warmer admirer than myself. If in the heat of the moment I made use of any expression that one gentleman might not make use of toward another, I ask Dr. Goldsmith's pardon. I have the honour to wish your Lordship good-night."

He bowed and made his exit.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Goldsmith reached his chambers in Brick Court, he found awaiting him a letter from Colman, the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, to let him know that Woodward and Mrs. Abington had resigned their parts in his comedy which had been in rehearsal for a week, and that he, Colman, felt they were right in doing so, as the failure of the piece was so inevitable. He hoped that Dr. Goldsmith would be discreet enough to sanction its withdrawal while its withdrawal was still possible.

He read this letter—one of several which he had received from Colman during the week prophesying disaster—without impatience, and threw it aside without a further thought. He had no thought for anything save the expression that had been on the face of Mary Horneck as she had spoken his lines—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late . . .

"Too late—" She had not got beyond those words. Her voice had broken, as he had often believed that his beloved Olivia's voice had broken, when trying to sing her song in which a woman's despair is enshrined for all ages. Her voice had broken, though not with the stress of tears. It would not have been so full of despair if tears had been in her eyes. Where there are tears there is hope. But her voice . . .

What was he to believe? What was he to think regarding that sweet girl who had, since the first day he had known her, treated him as no other human being had ever treated him? The whole family of the Hornecks had shown themselves to be his best friends. They insisted on his placing himself on the most familiar footing in regard to their house, and when Little Comedy married she maintained the pleasant intimacy with him which had begun at Sir Joshua Reynolds's dinner-table. The days that he spent at the Bunburys' house at Barton were among the pleasantest of his life.

But, fond though he was of Mrs. Bunbury, her sister Mary, his "Jessamy Bride," drew him to her by a deeper and warmer affection. He had felt from the first hour of meeting her that she understood his nature—that in her he had at last found someone who could give him the sympathy which he sought. More than once she had proved to him that she recognised the greatness of his nature—his simplicity, his generosity, the tenderness of his heart for all things that suffered, his trustfulness, that caused him to be so frequently imposed upon, his intolerance of hypocrisy and false sentiment, though false sentiment was the note of the most successful productions of the day. Above all, he felt that she recognised his true attitude in relation to English literature. If he was compelled to work in uncongenial channels in order to earn his daily bread, he himself never forgot what he owed to English literature. How nobly he discharged this debt his "Traveller," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," and "The Good Natured Man" testified at intervals. He felt that he was the truest poet—the sincerest dramatist, of the period, and he never allowed the work which he was compelled to do for the booksellers to turn him aside from his high aims.

It was because Mary Horneck proved to him daily that she understood what his aims were that he regarded her as

different from all the rest of the world. She did not talk to him of sympathising with him, but she understood him and sympathised with him.

As he lay back in his chair now asking himself what he should think of her, he recalled every day that he had passed in her company, from the time of their first meeting at Reynolds's house until he had accompanied her and her mother and sister on the tour through France. He remembered how, the previous year, she had stirred his heart on returning from a long visit to her native Devonshire by a clasp of the hand and a look of gratitude, as she spoke the name of the book which he had sent to her with a letter. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was the book, and she had said—

"You can never, never know what it has been to me—what it has done for me."

Her eyes had at that time been full of tears of gratitude—of affection, and the sound of her voice and the sight of her liquid eyes had overcome him. He knew there was a bond between them that would not be easily severed.

But there were no tears in her eyes as she spoke the words of Olivia's song.

What was he to think of her?

One moment she had been overflowing with girlish merriment, and then, on glancing across the hall, her face had become pale and her mood had changed from one of merriment to one of despair—the despair of a bird that finds itself in the net of the fowler.

What was he to think of her?

He would not wrong her by a single thought. He thought no longer of her, but of the man whose sudden appearance before her eyes had, he felt certain, brought about her change of mood.

It was his certainty of feeling on this matter that had caused him to guard her jealousy from the approach of that man, and, when he saw him going toward the coach, to prevent his further advance by the readiest means in his power. He had had no time to elaborate any scheme to keep the man away from Mary Horneck, and he had been forced to adopt the most rudimentary scheme to carry out his purpose.

Well, he reflected upon the fact that if the scheme was rudimentary it had proved extremely effective. He had kept the man apart from the girls, and he only regretted that the man had been so easily led to regard the occurrence as an accident. He would have dearly liked to run the man through some vital part.

What was that man to Mary Horneck that she should be in terror at the very sight of him? That was the question which presented itself to him, and his too vivid imagination had no difficulty in suggesting a number of answers to it, but through all he kept his word to her: he thought no ill of her. He could not entertain a thought of her that was not wholly good. He felt that her concern was on account of someone else who might be in the power of that man. He knew how generous she was—how sympathetic. He had told her some of his own troubles, and though he did so lightly, as was his custom, she had been deeply affected on hearing of them. Might it not then be that the trouble which affected her was not her own, but another's?

Before he went to bed he had brought himself to take this view of the incident of the evening, and he felt much easier in his mind.

Only he felt a twinge of regret when he reflected that the fellow whose appearance had deprived Mary Horneck of an evening's pleasure had escaped with no greater inconvenience than would be the result of an ordinary shaking. His contempt for the man increased as he recalled how he had declined to prolong the quarrel. If he had been anything of a man he would have perceived that he was insulted, not by accident but design, and would have been ready to fight.

Whatever might be the nature of Mary Horneck's trouble, the killing of the man would be a step in the right direction.

It was not until his servant, John Eyles, had awakened him in the morning that he recollected receiving a letter from Colman which contained some unpleasant news. He could not at first remember the details of the news, but he was certain that on receiving it he had a definite idea that it was unpleasant. When he now read Colman's letter for the second time he found that his recollection of his first impression was not at fault. It was just his luck: no man was in the habit of writing more joyous letters or receiving more depressing than Goldsmith.

He hurried off to the theatre and found Colman in his most disagreeable mood. The actor and actress who had resigned their parts were just those to whom he was looking, Colman declared, to pull the play through. He could not, however, blame them, he frankly admitted. They were, he said, dependent for a livelihood upon their association with successes on the stage, and it could not be otherwise than prejudicial to their best interests to be connected with a failure.

This was too much even for the long-suffering Goldsmith.

"Is it not somewhat premature to talk of the failure of a play that has not yet been produced, Mr. Colman?" he said.

"It might be in respect to most plays, Sir," replied Colman; "but in regard to this particular play, I don't

think that one need be afraid to anticipate by a week or two the verdict of the playgoers. Two things in this world are inevitable, Sir: death and the damning of your comedy."

"I shall try to bear both with fortitude," said Goldsmith quietly, though he was inwardly very indignant with the manager for his gratuitous predictions of failure—predictions which from the first his attitude in regard to the play had contributed to realise. "I should like to have a talk with Mrs. Abington and Woodward," he added.

"They are in the Green Room," said the manager. "I must say that I was in hope, Dr. Goldsmith, that your critical judgment of your own work would enable you to see your way to withdraw it."

"I decline to withdraw it, Sir," said Goldsmith.

"I have been a manager now for some years," said Colman, "and, speaking from the experience which I have gained at this theatre, I say without hesitation that I never had a piece offered to me which promised so complete a

"The playgoers will damn it if it were e'en a bishop's palace."

"Which you think most secure against such a fate. Nay, Sir, let us not apply the doctrine of predestination to a comedy. Men have gone mad through believing that they had no chance of being saved from the Pit. Pray let not us take so gloomy a view of the hereafter of our play."

"Of *your* play, Sir, by your leave. I have no mind to accept even a share of its paternity, though I know that I cannot escape blame for having anything to do with its production."

"If you are so anxious to decline the responsibilities of a father in respect to it, Sir, I must beg that you will not feel called upon to act with the cruelty of a step-father towards it."

Goldsmith bowed in his pleasantest manner as he left the manager's office and went to the Green Room.

that play were still ringing in his ears; so, when he found that the leading characteristics of these personages were not only introduced, but actually intensified in the new comedy, which the author had named provisionally "The Mistakes of a Night," he at first declined to have anything to do with it. But, fortunately, Goldsmith had influential friends—friends who, like Dr. Johnson and Bishop Percy, had recognised his genius when he was living in a garret and before he had written anything beyond a few desultory essays—and they brought all their influence to bear upon the Covent Garden manager. He accepted the comedy, but laid it aside for several months, and only grudgingly, at last, consented to put it in rehearsal.

Daily, when Goldsmith attended the rehearsals, the manager did his best to depreciate the piece, shaking his head over some scenes, shrugging his shoulders over others, and asking the author if he actually meant to allow certain



The crowd roared as the officer lost his footing for a moment and staggered among the loiterers in the porch.

disaster as this, Sir. Why, 'tis like no other comedy that was ever wrote."

"That is a feature which I think the playgoers will not be slow to appreciate," said Goldsmith. "Good Lord! Mr. Colman, cannot you see that what the people want nowadays is a novelty?"

"Ay, Sir; but there are novelties and novelties, and this novelty of yours is not to their taste. 'Tis not a comedy of the pothouse that's the novelty genteel people want in these days; and mark my words, Sir, the bringing on of that vulgar young boor—what's the fellow's name?—Lumpkin, in his pothouse, and the unworthy sneers against the refinement and sensibility of the period—the fellow who talks of his bear only dancing to the genteel of tunes—all this, Dr. Goldsmith, I pledge you my word and reputation as a manager, will bring about an early fall of the curtain."

"An early fall of the curtain?"

"Even so, Sir; for the people in the house will not permit another scene beyond that of your pothouse to be set."

"Let me tell you, Mr. Colman, that the Three Pigeons is an hostelry, not a pothouse."

CHAPTER IX.

The attitude of Colman in regard to the comedy was quite in keeping with the traditions of the stage of the Eighteenth Century, nor was it so contrary to the traditions of the Nineteenth Century. Colman, like the rest of his profession—not even excepting Garrick—possessed only a small amount of knowledge as to what playgoers desired to have presented to them. Whatever successes he achieved were certainly not due to his own acumen. He had no idea that audiences had grown tired of stilted blank verse tragedies and comedies constructed on the most conventional lines, with plentiful allusions to heathen deities, but a plentiful lack of human nature. Such plays had succeeded in his hands previously, and he could see no reason why he should substitute for them anything more natural. He had no idea that playgoers were ready to hail with pleasure a comedy founded upon scenes of everyday life, not upon the spurious sentimentality of an artificial age.

He had produced "The Good Natured Man" some years before, and had made money by the transaction. But the shrieks of the shallow critics who had condemned the introduction of the low life personages into

portions of the dialogue to be spoken as he had written them. This attitude would have discouraged a man less certain of his position than Goldsmith. It did not discourage him, however, but its effect was soon perceptible upon the members of the company. They rehearsed in a half-hearted way, and accepted Goldsmith's suggestions with demur.

At the end of a week Gentleman Smith, who had been cast for Young Marlow, threw up the part, and Colman inquired of Goldsmith if he was serious in his intention to continue rehearsing the piece. In a moment Goldsmith assured him that he meant to perform his part of the contract with the manager, and that he would tolerate no backing out of that same contract by the manager. At his friend Shuter's suggestion, the part was handed over to Lee Lewes.

After this, it might at least have been expected that Colman would make the best of what he believed to be a bad matter, and give the play every chance of success. On the contrary, however, he was stupid even for the manager of a theatre, and was at the pains to decry the play upon every possible occasion. Having predicted failure for it, he seemed determined to do his best to cause

his prophecies to be realised. At rehearsal he provoked Goldsmith almost beyond endurance by his sneers, and actually encouraged the members of his own company in their frivolous complaints regarding their dialogue. He spoke the truth to Goldsmith when he said he was not surprised that Woodward and Mrs. Abington had thrown

think," said Shuter, who was cast for the part of Old Hardcastle.

"You may be sure that a name will be forthcoming," said Goldsmith. "Lord, Sir, I am too good a Christian not to know that if an accident was to happen to my bantling before it is christened it would be damned to a certainty."

The rehearsal this day was the most promising that had yet taken place. Colman did not put in an appearance, consequently the disheartening influence of his presence was not felt. The broadly comical scenes were acted with some spirit, and though it was quite apparent to Goldsmith that none of the company believed that the play would be a success, yet the members did not work, as they had worked hitherto, on the assumption that its failure was inevitable.

On the whole, he left the theatre with a lighter heart than he had had since the first rehearsal. It was not until he returned to his chambers to dress

for the evening that he recollected he had not yet arrived at a wholly satisfactory solution of the question which had kept him awake during the greater part of the night.

The words that Mary Horneck had spoken and the look there was in her eyes at the same moment had yet to be explained.

He seated himself at his desk with his hand to his head, his elbow resting on a sheet of paper placed ready for his pen. After half-an-hour's thought his hand went mechanically to his tray of pens. Picking one up with a sigh he began to write.

Verse after verse appeared upon the paper—the love-song of a man who feels that love is shut out from his life for evermore, but whose only consolation in life is love.

After an hour's fluent writing he laid down the pen and once again rested his head on his hand. He had not the courage to read what he had written. His desk was full of such verses, written with unaffected sincerity when everyone around him was engaged in composing verses which were regarded worthy of admiration only in proportion as they were artificial.

He wondered, as he sat there, what would be the result of his sending to Mary Horneck one of those poems which his heart had sung to her. Would she be shocked at his presumption in venturing to love her? Would his delightful relations with her and her family be changed when it became known that he had not been satisfied with the friendship which he had enjoyed for some years, but had hoped for a response to his deeper feeling?

His heart sank as he asked himself the question.

"How is it that I seem ridiculous as a lover even to myself?" he muttered. "Why has God laid upon me the curse of being a poet? A poet is the chronicler of the loves of others, but it is thought madness should he himself look for the consolation of love. It is the irony of life that the man who is most capable of deep feeling

should be forced to live in loneliness. How the world would pity a great painter who was struck blind—a great orator struck dumb! But the poet shut out from love receives no pity—no pity on earth—no pity in heaven."

He bowed his head down to his hands, and remained in that attitude for an hour. Then he suddenly sprang to his feet. He caught up the paper which he had just covered with verses, and was in the act of tearing it. He did not tear the sheet quite across, however; it fell from his hand to the desk and lay there, a slight current of air from a window making the torn edge rise and fall as though it lay upon the beating heart of a woman whose lover was beside her—that was what the quivering motion suggested to the poet who watched it.

"And I would have torn it in pieces and made a ruin of it!" he said. "Alas! alas! for the poor torn, fluttering heart!"

He dressed himself and went out, but to none of his accustomed haunts, where he would have been certain to meet with some of the distinguished men who were rejoiced to be regarded as his friends. In his mood he knew that friendship could afford him no solace.

He knew that to offer a man friendship when love is in his heart is like giving a loaf of bread to one who is dying of thirst.

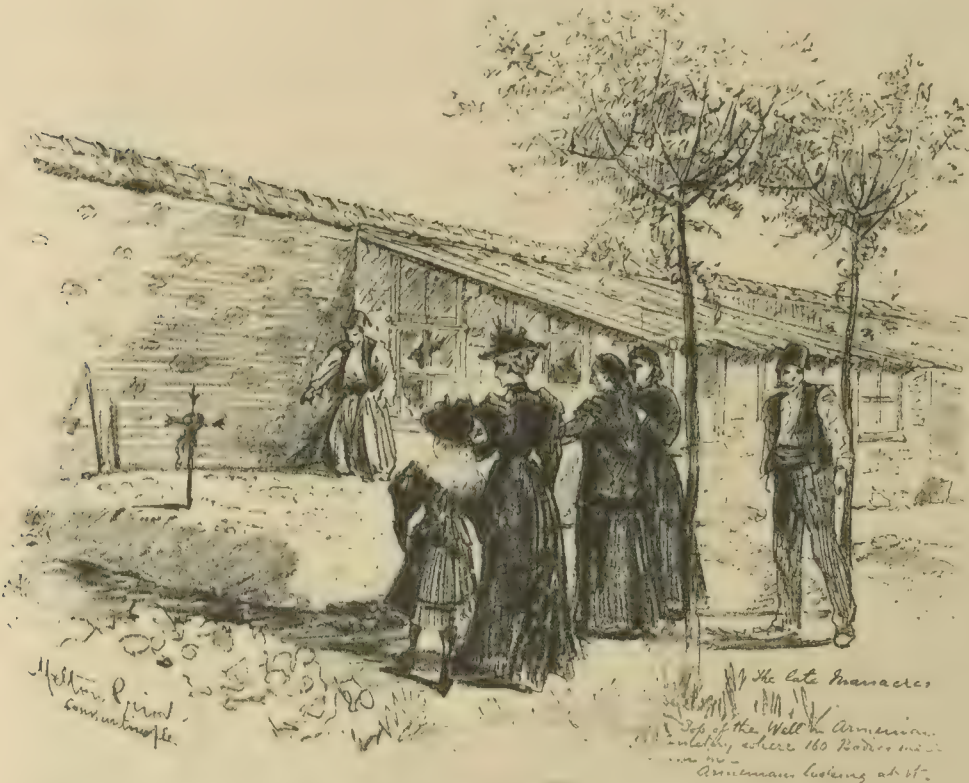
(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

A book of eight songs by William H. Bell reaches us from G. Ricordi and Co. The composer has selected his lyrics from some of the most charming poems in Herrick's "Hesperides," and he has framed them in melodies which are remarkable for their quaintness and unconventionality of style. These songs can be recommended to the vocalist as interesting studies, but it is unlikely that they will ever become popular. A "Serenade," with both words and music from the same pen, is hampered by a difficult but flowing and graceful accompaniment. The words are pretty, and find adequate expression in melody which is not without charm. Ricordi and Co. also send us a couple of acceptable songs by Cécile Hartog, entitled "Softly she breathes asleep" (words by John May) and "Sunset" (words by I. Zangwill). The first-named is a delightful little lullaby, full of softness and refinement, and the latter is equally deserving of praise, being marked by musicianly feeling and originality of idea. Mr. Zangwill's poem is beautiful.

The usual packet of first-rate pianoforte solos comes from Edwin Ashdown. These include a graceful and melodious *morceau*, entitled "Pomponnet," by Cotsford Dick; a "Fourth Tarantella," by Carl Volti, written in an appropriately bright and dashing style; and a "Suite in Olden Time," by William Wallace. The last named contains four numbers. The first is a "Contredanse," dignified and stately; the second, a "Minuet," refined and pretty; the third, a "Pavan," quaint and pleasing; and the fourth, a "Gigue," simple yet effective. All are well written and suitable for pianists not far advanced.

A song that will speedily find a place in the singer's repertory is "Chanson de Juillet," by Benjamin Godard, words by Edouard Guinaud, translation by Paul England. It is a composition far above the ordinary run, and with



THE TURKISH CRISIS: BESIDE A WELL IN THE ARMENIAN CEMETERY USED AS A GRAVE FOR 100 VICTIMS OF THE RECENT MASSACRES.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

(See "Our Illustrations.")

up their parts: he would have been greatly surprised if they had continued rehearsing.

When the unfortunate author now entered the Green Room, the buzz of conversation which had been audible outside ceased in an instant. He knew that he had formed the subject of the conversation, and he could not doubt what was its nature. For a moment he was tempted to turn round and go back to Colman in order to tell him that he would withdraw the play. The temptation lasted but a moment, however: the spirit of determination which had carried him through many difficulties—that spirit which Reynolds appreciated and had embodied in his portrait—came to his aid. He walked boldly into the Green Room and shook hands with both Woodward and Mrs. Abington.

"I am greatly mortified at the news which I have just had from Mr. Colman," he said; "but I am sure that you have not taken this serious step without due consideration, so I need say no more about it. Mr. Colman will be unable to attend this rehearsal, but he is under an agreement with me to produce my comedy within a certain period, and he will therefore sanction any step I may take on his behalf. Mr. Quick will, I hope, honour me by reading the part of Tony Lumpkin and Mrs. Bulkley that of Miss Hardcastle, so that there need be no delay in the rehearsal."

The members of the company were somewhat startled by the tone adopted by the man who had previously been anything but fluent in his speech, and who had submitted with patience to the sneers of the manager. They now began to perceive something of the character of the man whose life had been a fierce struggle with adversity, but who even in his wretched garret knew what was due to himself and to his art, and did not hesitate to kick downstairs the emissary from the Government that offered him employment as a libeller.

"Sir," cried the impulsive Mrs. Bulkley, putting out her hand to him—"Sir, you are not only a genius, you are a man as well, and it will not be my fault if this comedy of yours does not turn out a success. You have been badly treated, Dr. Goldsmith, and you have borne your ill-treatment nobly. For myself, Sir, I say that I shall be proud to appear in your piece."

"Madam," said Goldsmith, "you overwhelm me with your kindness. As for ill-treatment, I have nothing to complain of so far as the ladies and gentlemen of the company are concerned, and anyone who ventures to assert that I bear ill-will toward Mr. Woodward and Mrs. Abington I shall regard as having put an affront upon me. Before a fortnight has passed I know that they will be overcome by chagrin at their rejection of the opportunity that was offered them of being associated with the success of this play, for it will be a success, in spite of the untoward circumstances incidental to its birth."

He bowed several times around the company, and he did it so awkwardly that he immediately gained the sympathy and goodwill of all the actors: they reflected how much better they could do it, and that, of course, caused them to feel well disposed towards Goldsmith.

"You mean to give the comedy another name, Sir, I



THE TURKISH CRISIS: GRAVES IN THE ARMENIAN CEMETERY WHERE ABOUT 700 MASSACRED ARMENIANS WERE BURIED.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

(See "Our Illustrations.")

its bright spontaneous tunefulness and varied charm cannot fail to please. Lawrence Kellie's many admirers may be a trifle disappointed with his latest effort, "God Thought it Best," a setting of words by Clement Scott; but his "Impromptu" for piano is a worthy example of his style, and makes a welcome addition to the number of pieces suitable for drawing-room performance. "Two Songs," from the pen of Florence Marvis Turner (a name new to us), are tastefully written, and reveal talent of a refined order. The first, "Time and I," is the prettier of the two. All these pieces are published by Metzler and Co.



REOPENING OF THE SKATING RINK, NIAGARA HALL.

Drawn by R. Ponsbury Styles.



THE ROYAL BRIDE, PRINCESS HELEN OF MONTENEGRO.

*Photo Montalione, Florence.*

THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM, THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

THE ITALIAN ROYAL WEDDING.

The marriage of the Italian Crown Prince to Princess Helen of Montenegro has aroused the conventional interest, but no exceptional enthusiasm, as it can scarcely be called a great alliance. When the betrothal of the Principino, or Little Prince, as he is still called by reason of his under-sized stature, was first rumoured, the news failed to excite curiosity, since for years past the eligible Princesses in the "Almanach de Gotha" have been successively assigned to him. Still, loyal Italians felt that it was time the son of King Humbert should marry, the more so as hitherto the Duke of Aosta, the next heir, has no children. The Crown Prince will be twenty-seven next birthday, and hence has passed the age at which his peers contract



MONTENEGRO FROM THE SEA.

matrimonial alliances. It was known that hitherto he had refused to entertain the idea of marriage, though all Premiers in office since 1890 have urged the necessity for this step, while Signor Crispi went even to the length of collecting the photographs of eligible Princesses in an album, which he presented to the Prince on his twenty-fifth birthday, that he might pick and choose. These wiles, however, proved insufficient to overcome the Piedmontese obstinacy which Victor Emmanuel has inherited from his grandfather: the Crown Prince remained unshaken in his resolution. Still, Princes must bow to State requirements, and an alliance was at last effected, a non-Protestant and non-Catholic Princess being found, thus obviating the Papal interdiction to all hitherto proposed alliances. The Prince's bride is twenty-three

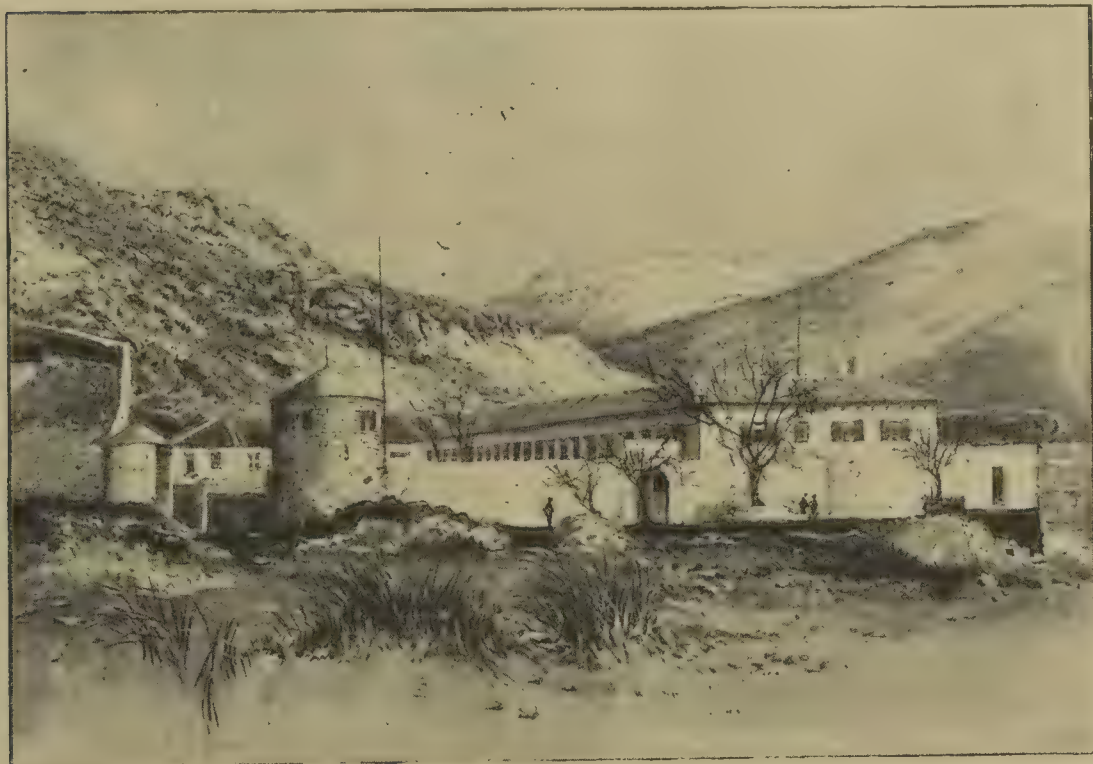


THE PRINCE OF MONTENEGRO'S PALACE AT CETINJE.

years old, and is the third daughter of Nikita I., monarch of the minute principality of Montenegro, who since 1860 has ruled not unskilfully, on the whole, that independent State about the size of North Wales, with 200,000 inhabitants, almost no commerce, and an annual revenue of £50,000. But Montenegro, whose population is of the Servian branch of the Slavonic race, cherishing ecclesiastical sympathies with Russia, has maintained its virtual independence for two centuries past, repeatedly defeating the Turks in obstinate fighting. It is nevertheless a flattering distinction for the Petrovitch family to have one of its daughters selected as the bride of a future King of Italy. When twelve, the Princess Helen was sent to a school in St. Petersburg, where she remained some years, receiving a good education, and becoming acquainted with Russian and German. She also speaks Italian, as that language is much employed on the Dalmatian coast. Accustomed to the patriarchal life of the little Court of Montenegro, she has simple tastes, and passes a large part of her time in sketching or reading; she writes, too, nice, though rather over-sentimental, verse. She is also fond of outdoor exercise, especially of lawn-tennis, in which she excels. To this fact, as well as to the fine race from which she springs, may be attributed her fine physique: she is tall, and largely built, and overtowers her little spouse. Her whole appearance is prepossessing, and her eyes, of a soft dark brown, as well as her masses of dark hair, are renowned in the principality. Art is her hobby, and she draws well. Several of her water-colours adorn the Palace of Cetinje, where she is a sort of Minister of Fine Arts. It was she who designed the monument to her grandfather, Prince Danilo I., and the insignia of the Montenegrine Order. Indeed, her love of art was a factor in bringing about her engagement, for it was while visiting the Venice Exhibition that Princess Helen made the acquaintance of the Italian royal family. The



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CETINJE, THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO.



THE OLD PALACE OF THE PRINCES OF MONTENEGRO AT CETINJE.

King and Queen were favourably impressed with her physical and intellectual charms, and, when taking leave of her, Humbert is said to have laughingly confessed that she had effected his conquest. After this the Crown Prince took to yachting, and his craft, the *Gajola*, often deposited her master at the little Montenegrine port of Antivari. At Moscow, during the coronation festivities, the Prince again met his future bride, and it is known that the Czar encouraged the match, for he, like his father, is much allied with the house of Montenegro. The necessary conversion of the Princess to the Roman faith presented no difficulty. Leo XIII. even wrote to Prince Nikita, promising special indulgence to the convert, and bestowing his blessing on the family. The abjuration was arranged to take place with as little ceremony as possible at Bari, on Oct. 23, when a high prelate presented the Princess, in the name of the Pope, with a relic of St. Nicholas, set in gold and diamonds. Apropos of wedding presents, the Crown Prince gave his fiancée, as a betrothal gift, a superb diamond bracelet of great value and a ring consisting of four circlets which bind a splendid sapphire, the national colour of Montenegro, to a diamond, ruby, and emerald, the white, red, and green of Italy. The King and Queen have given extensive orders to their jewellers, and the principal Italian towns are offering gifts, while the lace-makers of Venice have toiled day and night at a bridal veil, a real triumph of their art, which Queen Margherita ordered for the bride.

The formal marriage contract was signed at Rome on Oct. 11 by the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Signor Costa, the Minister of Justice, in the capacity of King Humbert's Plenipotentiaries, the signatories on behalf of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro being the two Montenegrin Ministers of Foreign Affairs and Justice. The civil ceremony

will be celebrated to-day in the Quirinal Palace by the President of the Senate, while the Grand Prior of Bari will officiate at the religious ceremony, which will take place in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, the largest church that could be found, seeing that none of the largest and finest could be obtained. The building is a portion of the baths of Diocletian, and was converted into a church by Michael Angelo. It is being restored and remodelled at the King's expense.

To the choice of Bari as the town in which Princess Helen first touches Italian soil, and where her conversion will be held, there hangs a tale. Of all the Adriatic ports, Bari has been more closely connected with Montenegro, whose only seaport, Antivari, derives its name from the fact that it is opposite Bari. Further, the inhabitants of both places venerate St. Nicholas, over whose body—stolen by some Bari merchants in 1087—a stately basilica was raised. Charles of Anjou declared the church crown property. By King Humbert's wish, and in view of the fact that Italy is just now financially and morally depressed—owing to her late African disasters, and her hundreds of prisoners still languishing in Abyssinian captivity, without immediate prospect of release—the wedding will be celebrated more as a family than as a State affair, and hence no representatives of the reigning houses of Europe will be present. The festivities will last from Oct. 24 to 29, and will include the inevitable review, illuminations, and gala performances, and some dinners. On the 29th the young couple will leave for Florence, where the Pitti Palace will be for the present their home, as the Prince holds a military command in that city.



IN THE HOUSE OF A SENATOR OF MONTENEGRO.



THE ABU KLEN
EGYPTIAN GUN-BOATS ON THE NILE BOMBARDING DONGOLA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Snyders Wright.

THE TAMAL

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A writer in *Scribner's Magazine* for September assails my strictures on Byron, recently published here. Indeed, one cannot expect any unfriendly comment on Byron to go unanswered. The unprecedented splendour and mystery of his personality conquered Europe; overcame men so unlike himself as Scott and Shelley, and won for him an advocate so potent as Macaulay. The personal influence still endures.

"It is always difficult to separate the literary character of a man who lives in our own time from his personal character. It is peculiarly difficult to make this separation in the case of Byron," says Macaulay. Byron was young, beautiful, noble, witty, reckless (a great charm in private life, says Lord Rosebery, speaking of Prince Charles), and no fair judge can ever overlook Byron's misfortunes. There was madness in his blood: his mother, his education, his hereditary impulse might have ruined any man.

None the less, while mortals cannot be the ultimate judges of a fellow mortal, we may ask "What kind of character was Byron, and what kind of poet?" As a man and a poet Byron began to be viewed in a dry light by the generation of 1830, the generation of Thackeray. "That man is never in earnest," says Thackeray. He finds "pose" everywhere, and that Byron was a *poseur*—the *funfaron* of the vices he had, and probably of those he had not—does seem undeniable.

Now a sense of this, I presume, was "in the air." I mentioned my own case as a boy. I had never heard Byron attacked as a bad poet, and, like all bookish boys, I could read most poetry with abandonment. But except in his patriotic screeds on Greece I could not take pleasure in Byron. I thought him "tedious, false, theatrical, and inharmonious." Now, a bookish boy, reading Byron in Byron's lifetime, could hardly, I suppose, have been affected thus. Lockhart, though cool and scornful enough, was carried off his feet by Byron; his college friend, Christie, resisted the emotion, but such a case must have been very rare. So I presumed that my own distaste for Byron, alone among the poets of his time whom one had read, must have been caused by what we call the *Zeitgeist*. In fact, Byron's living personality was withdrawn. One was left with his poems on their merits.

The writer in *Scribner's* chaffs me and my *Zeitgeist*. The *Zeitgeist* can only be judged by general opinion and taste, not by that of a grubby little boy. Certainly; but is not general opinion now indifferent to Byron? The success of his new editions will not prove the opposite. I am longing for them, partly in hopes of new facts, partly to see what Mr. Henley will say about "the noble poet." Everybody is in the same mind; Byron and Mr. Henley's comments and documents are of interest to us all. It by no means follows that Byron's verse is much read or much esteemed.

The opinions of Goethe, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Swinburne are cited against me. I am set up in the odious light of a person of Culture. "Now Culture has first and last winced a good deal at Byron for offending its taste" and its immutable conviction that poetry should be harmonious, lucid, and grammatical—capable of being construed. It is often impossible to construe Byron. Yet Goethe and Mr. Arnold, "apostles of Culture," were on Byron's side. Culture, if I am of it, is a house divided against itself. But Goethe was a contemporary, and under the spell. He believed in absurd homicidal myths about the dark, daring, mysterious Byron. Mr. Arnold's judgments of poetry were to the last degree eccentric. He thought that "Enoch Arden" was Tennyson's masterpiece! He thought that Shelley's letters, not his lyrics, were Shelley's title to fame! Of his contemporaries, he only praised Miss Ingelow. I think we may venture, then, to dissent occasionally from Mr. Arnold.

As to Mr. Swinburne's praise of Byron's "splendid and imperishable excellence of sincerity and strength," Mr. Swinburne, we all know, has more than retracted: he has "burned his faggot," with Byron at the stake in the pyrotechnic splendours of the blaze. I would not go so far as Mr. Swinburne even if I could, which is impossible.

The American writer speaks of my "satisfaction with Mr. Stevenson for calling Byron a *cad*." My satisfaction! The writer had just said that I "deplored the language," and I do deplore it. Mr. Stevenson applied it to other men of genius, just as he called "Tom Jones" "dull and dirty." Everybody deplores such momentary and extreme aberrations. "Cad" is an ill phrase, and never to be used in literary criticism. That is the measure of my "satisfaction."

But I said that I knew what Mr. Stevenson meant. Read many of Byron's letters. Observe his tone. Read, with a whole salt-cellar of salt, Leigh Hunt's account of Byron. Mark the poet's uneasy consciousness of his title: his uneasy self-consciousness always, and, without going into details of conduct, you know what Mr. Stevenson meant. Of course he expressed his

meaning in a most undesirable style, with which I am as far as possible from feeling "satisfaction." Again, my American friend deduces my dislike of Byron from Byron's "disrespect" for "the old impossible world" "that kings and priests are plotting in." I have no particular love for the world of George III. Shelley treated it no better than Byron did, but one does not, therefore, dislike or disesteem Shelley or Keats. "Toryism" has nothing to do with the matter. If it had, one would bar Keats and Shelley, and dote on Southey. Culture is said to appreciate "qualities such as delicacy, grace, precision, penetration, form, and so forth." All these (and common grammar) Byron lacked, and without these, what is left of poetry? Where is the poet who has none of these? They cannot all be denied to Mr. Browning, still less to Scott (especially in his lyrics), though these qualities were not the most apparent in Scott and Browning.

"A few more years," said Macaulay, "will destroy whatever remains of that magical potency which once belonged to the name of Byron. To us he is still a man young, noble" (Toryism!), "and unhappy. To our children he will be merely a writer, and their impartial judgment will appoint his place among writers, without regard to his rank or his private history. . . . That much of what has been admired by his contemporaries will be rejected as worthless we have little doubt. But we have as little doubt that, after the closest scrutiny, there will still remain much that can only perish with the English language."

The prestige, the "magical potency," of the name of Byron is not yet destroyed. We still endure its influence; perhaps its influence—that of the man rather than the writer—will never perish. But it is not wholly improbable that the poet will live longest in his "Satires," "The Vision of Judgment," and "Don Juan," while posterity will wonder that his rhymed novels "beat Scott out of the field," and that his blank verse ever had adorers. The *Zeitgeist*, I should be inclined to wager with my American friend, will yawn over "The Giaour" and "The Siege of Corinth," and will skip in "Childe Harold." However, we must still await the verdict of posterity, and our bet must be paid on the other side of that forgetful stream of Lethe; Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus must hold the stakes. Meanwhile I appeal to Macaulay: "A writer who showed so little skill in works professedly dramatic was not likely to write narrative with dramatic effect." Not skilled in dramatic poetry, clumsy to a degree in lyrics, distinctly not epic, what is Byron but a satirist and a fierce soliloquist?

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A popular journal has been denouncing the 1896 Church Congress as more than ever a party gathering. The charge is an attempt to resuscitate the jealousies which at first dogged the steps of the Congress; but its revival just now is singularly inappropriate. No one could fairly deem the President of 1896 a party man, and the invited speakers fairly represent the main divisions of Church opinion. If they included the Bishop of Peterborough, the Dean of Chichester, Canon Gore, Lord Halifax, and Mr. Athelstan Riley, did they not also include the Bishop of Ballarat, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Rev. Dr. Barlow, Mr. Sydney Gedge, M.P., and Mr. Eugene Stock? And between these, were there not an abundance of Broad Churchmen like the Bishop of Hereford, Canon Ainger, and the Rev. Brooke Lambert? It has been observed more than once that High Churchmen have the best of the programme when the President's sympathies are Low. What is this but a proof that the Congress is meant to rebuke and not to encourage party spirit?

Bishop Alford, who has excited some mild curiosity by publishing an attack upon the Lambeth Conference, is one of those colonial prelates whose foreign experiences were brief. He held the see of Victoria (Hong-Kong) from 1867 to 1872. On first returning home, he served for a time as a curate, but afterwards obtained preferment. He has not, however, held any living for the past fifteen years.

The authorities of the combined Central Church Committee and Church Defence Institution have to find a new secretary. The Rev. H. G. Dickson has accepted a valuable incumbency, and Mr. G. F. Mortimer has resisted the appeals of those who would fain see him go on with the work he took up with such immediate and pronounced success. There is good reason to believe that the amalgamated body will not appoint two secretaries, but one, and that the one secretary will be a layman. Two well-known names are mentioned in connection with the office, and an early appointment may be looked for.

There is some talk of a "Cambridge House" in the East-End, to be conducted on lines of mission work similar to those of the "Oxford House." Cambridge is, of course, represented in Metropolitan mission work by its several College missions, but lacks, as yet, one central organisation, such as that now so widely known as the headquarters of Oxford endeavour in the same great cause.

Father Luke Rivington is now preaching a course of sermons on Sunday evenings at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Kilburn, which has been attended by exceptionally large congregations the last two Sundays.

A generous offer of a thousand pounds has been made by Lord Iveagh to the Bishop of Limerick as a contribution towards some new scheme which has yet to be definitely formulated for the better housing of the poorer labouring classes of Limerick. The offer has, of course, been inspired by the suggestion which the Bishop recently made to the Corporation of Limerick for the rebuilding and general sanitary improvement of the old quarters of the town.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some months ago in this column I referred to the expedition which had been undertaken with the view of testing the respective theories of coral reef formation by boring into the substance of a coral island. The expedition sailed from Australia to Funafuti, provided with all the necessary apparatus for obtaining evidence regarding the nature of the foundations on which the coral polypes raised their marvellous erections; but I regret to notice that so far as the main point at issue is concerned the enterprise has proved a failure. Professor Sollas, who was in charge of the expedition, has announced that having duly arrived at Funafuti the boring was carried down to a depth of 65 feet. Then it was found that the bore-hole became choked with some material or other resembling quicksand in its nature; and, as a matter of some moment, it is stated that little solid coral rock was met with in the course of the bore. A second attempt was made to bore nearer the edge of the reef, and a depth of 72 ft. was attained, when the bore again became choked. The area reached was said to consist of quicksand with embedded boulders of coral. The general conclusion arrived at was that the reef appeared to consist not of solid coral, but of a coral material which, like some huge sponge, exhibited hollows and spaces either destitute of contents altogether or filled in some cases with sand. It is added that, despite the failure of the expedition as regards the boring operations, many important details have been noted in respect of the plant and animal life of the atoll, and also in respect of accurate soundings inside the coral reef and outside it as well.

The world of science will await with interest the full report and conclusions at which the expedition collectively may have arrived concerning even the tentative and provisional bearing of the facts discovered, on the theory of coral reefs associated with the name of Darwin. Whether or not the quicksand material indicates that the coral substance undergoes weathering and disintegration, and becomes converted into the soft powdery matter which choked the pores, is, of course, a moot point, but so far as one can judge, the Darwinian theory is not likely to be weakened by these recent explorations. I can discern no evidence that the facts elicited support any rival hypothesis; but we may well wait with patience, tempered with interest and expectation, to hear what Professor Sollas has to report regarding his labours at Funafuti.

A correspondent writes to suggest that I should give a public warning in this column against the habit of consuming the ordinary drinking-water one meets with when touring abroad. He lays stress on the fact that numerous cases of typhoid fever originate in Continental trips, and that people return home, say early in October, to find themselves prostrated by this scourge of modern life. I am afraid any warning of mine must come rather late in the day to exercise any effect in preventing typhoid attacks, but I had imagined that most sensible persons had renounced the habit of drinking ordinary water when on their travels, just as they carefully eschewed the syphons of aerated water which are so conspicuously presented to us in France and elsewhere. That such syphons are sources of disease is a notable fact; for, in the summer especially, they are liable to be filled from sources by no means of a healthy character, and the erroneous idea that the water, being aerated, is rendered safe to drink, seems to induce a plentiful consumption of these fluids on the part of tourists.

The ordinary drinking-water one meets with abroad, as a rule, is unsafe to drink. Foreign corporations have not advanced to our home standard of water-purity, and if at home we are occasionally liable to typhoid attack from polluted water, the risks we run of such infection when we go abroad are infinitely greater. I invariably drink a pure mineral water when on my travels, and every wise man and wise woman will do the same. There are many excellent waters to be obtained in the hotels that are frequented by English folks; but even in very out-of-the-way places you are greeted with the familiar legend "Apollinaris," and I should say that if one selects Apollinaris for one's drink when on tour, the danger of typhoid or other infection becomes abolished. Better it is to spend a very little money on such a pure beverage than to lay it out on a doctor's bill, to say nothing of the risks of death which one averts by timely attention to one's daily drink. This is the only advice worth giving (or having) in the matter of typhoid-prevention when one is far from one's own creditable and innocuous water-supply.

At the recent meeting of the British Association Professors Boyce and Herdman read a paper on the question of oysters and infection. A fact brought forward at the Association meeting in 1895 was again alluded to—namely, that when oysters were laid down in pure water, a natural process of cleansing took place, and previous sewage contamination was thus entirely got rid of. This result forms the highest possible argument in favour of the absolute purity of the surroundings of oysters during their cultivation or after being laid down in special beds for fattening purposes. It would appear that typhoid germs can live for fourteen days in sea-water at 35 deg. Cent., while in cold sea-water they may live for twenty-one days; and when large quantities of the microbes are added to the water their presence may be demonstrated for a longer period than when small quantities are employed. It would seem that the bacilli do not actually breed or multiply in the sea-water, and this fact, of course, contains a grain of comfort for everybody. Infection, I presume, must arise from the actual microbes which enter the water, and not from their descendants or progeny. It is also certain that the typhoid microbe does not increase either in the body or in the tissues of the oyster. Where oysters were infected with typhoid germs, and placed in a stream of pure sea-water, the bacilli disappear in from one to seven days. The oyster evidently utilises its pure environment to get rid of its unwelcome and uninvited germ-guests.

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FUNERAL OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: THE SCENE BEFORE THE CHOIR STEPS IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

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THE ADVANCE ON DONGOLA.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

A SAND-STORM IN THE DESERT.



OUR ARTIST, MR. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, SAVING THE LIFE OF AN EGYPTIAN SOLDIER.



SPORTING SUBJECTS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN: No. V.—WOODCOCK DROPPING INTO COVER.

LITERATURE.

A NEW ROMANCE.

With his new romance, *A Puritan's Wife* (Cassell and Company), Mr. Max Pemberton has achieved success in a field where there have been many labourers. The Court of the Restoration and the gruesome days of the Great Plague have been utilised time and again as a background for stirring tales of love and adventure; and it is greatly to Mr. Pemberton's credit that he has succeeded in recreating the period so excellently well in "*A Puritan's Wife*." The hero, one Hugh Peters, who had fought for the Commonwealth, is the Puritan, and dear Lady Marjory, a pretty bundle of constancy and sweet unreasonableness, is the Puritan's wife. The manner of their being made man and wife is original. When little more than children they were playmates together in the woods about Warboys, and made love in the happy simple fashion of children. One day, in an especially idyllic mood, they stumbled on a tipsy parson, who made them one, by virtue of his office, "all under the greenwood tree." Hugh goes a-warring, and then a-hiding in France, and afterwards in a corner of Epping Forest, with a price on his head; while my lady, grown to woman's estate, is a favourite at the Court of the restored King. For a number of years Hugh sees nothing of his child-wife, yet cherishes her image in his heart in the true manner of high romance; and, as if to reward his steadfastness, Marjory attempts to save him when the bloodhounds begin to bell on his track. By what hair-breadth 'scapes Hugh, the hot-headed, touchy Puritan, finally wins to safety; through what mazes of misunderstanding and doubt of his dear lady he travels; what strange friends he makes; what subtle enemies he outwits; and how he gains the royal clemency "all for the sake of Marjory"; these, and many matters of delightful detail, must be left to Mr. Pemberton to tell. And he tells them right well. From beginning to end there is not a dull page, and this is all the more admirable when it is remembered that the tale is told in the first person and in archaic speech of a modified sort. The olden tongue is capably managed, and one readily forgives the occasional lapse which permits the detestable "like" for "as," and "lay" for "lie." After the hero and heroine the most likable characters are Parson Ford and his serving-man Gideon, the caustic independent; Israel Wolf, the faithful *deus ex machina* of the story (*diabolus*, rather, since he is so ugly that he is known as "the man with the devil's face"); and last, though not least, Sir Nathaniel Goulding, that suave arch-villain, who is so skilfully drawn that one suspects Mr. Pemberton of more than a sneaking fondness for him. If "*A Puritan's Wife*" does not increase Mr. Pemberton's reputation for true romancing, it at least goes far to sustain that reputation at its already remarkably high level.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Not merely because William Morris's latest romance, *The Well at the World's End* (Longmans), was published only a few days before he passed away from our midst has it a pathetic interest. It may also be read as a touching yet a very cheerful farewell; for it is the tale of a pilgrimage; it is a shadow story of the chivalric and the poetic life. All that the poet dreamed of, as a poet or as a social regenerator, is here—life as he desired it, mankind dreaming high dreams yet lusty, and active in pursuit of the fair things dreams bear witness of; youth curious, adventurous, and passionate, in a world with no sharp divisions—such as later civilisation makes—between poetry and action, between beauty and strength. It tells of a time when the earth had room enough for all, yet was no smooth and sleepy place either. There were brutes and bullies, but knights enough, good and true, to defy them, and to work dire revenge on them for their misdeeds. It is a fairy tale varied by complications as tangled as any in a modern novel; it has not one of the objectionable features of the allegory, yet has a savoury, spiritual root. The seeker is easier to describe than the quest. Ralph is a young, stalwart adventurer, gentle and courteous, and very fair to look upon, strong of purpose, yet at the beck and call of many a wayward enterprise, and of every damsel in distress. When the world calls him from his father's castle, hardly has he started before he hears speak of the Wonderful Well. Many have heard of it; no one has definite news of it. Now here, now there, and again, Ralph pricks his ears at the name, and eagerly questions every friend of the road. The answers are all vague, like this—"If a body might come by it, I hear say that it saveth from weariness and sickness; and it winneth love for all, and maybe life everlasting." Each must translate the meaning of the quickening spring as he can. It is poetry, it is the high heart, it is the joy of life, it is the manful bearing, it is each and all—in short, it is what raises man out of the mire and makes him strive and suffer, and yet go on and be glad to live. "The strong of heart shall drink from me," was the posy on the rim of the Well's gold cup. Having drunk of the water, Ralph, in love's company, goes home again; for Mr. Morris's hero is not a mere vagrant, but a young champion apprentice to life, with a career of responsibility before him—in the fullness of time, a deliverer, a just lord to all his people, a "true captain and brother to the shepherd-folk." The workmanship is exquisite, and almost uniform in quality throughout two big volumes. There are few poets of to-day that can show instances of such compression, such picturesque shorthand as Mr.

Morris—witness two or three pieces in the "*Defence of Guenevere*" volume. But his natural tendency has ever been to spread himself easily and amply, and there is no metre to check the flow of a romance like this. Monotony of phrasing there is none, however. It is poetry, not only by its theme, but by the aptness, the vividness of the words; glimpses of night, of a twilight wood, of the look in a woman's eyes, are flashed on you with inevitable aim. A tale of high chivalry, it is a chronicle of the common earth as well. And this distinction, expressed a hundred times in its vigorous prose, finds utterance once in a charming love-song. Hard and firm is the hand and brown and shapely are the feet of the country maiden, says her lover. And she answers—

O hard are mine hand-palms because on the ridges
I carried the reap-hook and smote for thy sake;
And in the hot noon-tide I beat off the midges,
As thou slep'st 'neath the linden o'er-loathe to awake

And brown are my feet now because the sun burneth
High up on the down-side amidst of the sheep,
And there in the hollow wherefrom the wind turneth,
Thou lay'st in my lap while I sung thee to sleep.

O friend of the earth, O come nigher and nigher,
Thou art sweet with the sun's kiss as meads of the hay,
O'er the rocks of the waste, o'er the water and fire,
Will I follow thee, love, till earth waneth away.



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XVI.—MR. MAX PEMBERTON.

Mr. Max Pemberton, whose new historical novel, "*A Puritan's Wife*," is reviewed in these columns, has within the last few years won a prominent place in the band of young writers who have brought romantic fiction distinctly into vogue again. Born in the sixties, he was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, and passed thence to Caius College, Cambridge, where he was captain of the Caius boats, and, with the Bar in view as a profession, graduated in law. In 1886, however, he abandoned legal for literary ambitions, and joined the staff of *Lantern*. Three years ago he achieved considerable success with a story of adventure entitled "*The Iron Pirate*," and his later volumes, "*The Sea Wolves*," "*The Impregnable City*," "*The Little Huguenot*," and "*A Gentleman's Gentleman*," have increased his growing reputation. He has just become the editor of *Cassell's Magazine*.

In *Homespun*. By E. Nesbit. (London: John Lane.)—This "*Keynotes*" book is jog-trot by its predecessors, and does not pretend to score a success of scandal. Here are homely little tales with hardly anything of the grace and charm we know in E. Nesbit's verse. They are of Kentish peasants, but without distinction. Her heroines, to use the conventional term, are not lovable, nor their adventures exciting. Conceivably, one could find many more points of contact with our Susans and our Mary Janes than she presents to us. That her stories are quiet and simple must count as one of her merits; but we hoped for more than this negative delight in the stories of E. Nesbit, and one closes the book with a sense of disappointment.

Mr. H. Schütz Wilson has reprinted from various reviews a number of articles in a volume entitled *History and Criticism* (T. Fisher Unwin). The most interesting is a sketch of the Conciergerie during the Terror. There is a good deal of picturesque description, but the historical standpoint is marred by the assumption that the Revolution was purely the work of a handful of bloodthirsty Jacobins. Mr. Schütz Wilson thinks that if the French people had not been so apathetic, the monarchy might have been saved. Had the people been polled, the majority would have voted Royalist. Exactly the same thing has been said of the American colonists at the beginning of the War of

Independence. The answer is that Revolutions do not go to the poll. The French Revolution had its interval of Jacobin delirium, but it sprang from causes which would have been operative without that criminal outbreak.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The second volume of Nicoll and Wise's "*Literary Anecdotes*," which will be published in a few days, will contain a far greater variety of good literary matter than the first. The first volume, it seemed to me, although quite worth publishing, was rather uninteresting to the mass of readers. This second volume will be readable to all who care for books at all. There is a hitherto unpublished tale by Charlotte Brontë, and there is an essay on George Meredith by George Eliot, reprinted from the *Leader*: it is a review of "*The Shaving of Shagpat*." There is the letter which Landor wrote to Emerson in reply to his reminiscences of a visit to Landor, contained in "*English Traits*." Some hitherto unpublished letters by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and a "*Notebook*" by "Omar Khayyám" FitzGerald, to say nothing of new light on Tennyson and Keats, give this volume quite a peculiar interest.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine, is not to be deterred by Mr. Andrew Lang's strictures upon his publishing ethics. Not content with a republication of "*Aucassin and Nicolette*," he announces a re-issue of "*Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*"—a still rarer volume, for which I myself paid four guineas. In the white covers of the 1872 issue it is very scarce; but Mr. Lang will, doubtless, now republish it, as he has recently done with "*Aucassin and Nicolette*."

Mr. Augustine Birrell has edited an edition of Boswell's "*Johnson*" for Messrs. Constable and Co. Mr. Birrell need have no fear that anyone will say that his book is redundant, nor need he fear comparison with the editions of Dr. Birkbeck Hill and Mr. Napier. Both Dr. Hill and Mr. Napier overcrowded their books with notes. Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition is only valuable to the handful of people who have long been Boswell's enthusiasts. It would never in itself make a Boswell enthusiast. You cannot see the wood for the trees. You cannot see Boswell because of the notes of his editors. Mr. Birrell tells us in his pleasant introduction that he wrote a large number of notes, and then crossed them out. This was a wise proceeding, which, with all appreciation of Mr. Birrell's critical insight, adds to the charm of the edition. When one has read the introduction one comes at once upon Boswell, and a very charming edition it is, in six little volumes most beautifully printed—far and away the best Boswell, I should say, for the ordinary book-lover, now on the market. Two volumes are already published.

I have said that Messrs. Constable, who publish Mr. Birrell's "*Boswell*," have printed it and bound it admirably, but I cannot refrain from a protest against the hideous disfigurement which pertains to the copy that comes to me. It is little less than an impertinence for a publisher to send out a book marked on its title-page with an indented stamp, with the additional terror that the words "two shillings net" are written in indelible ink in another place. Of course, Messrs. Constable are not the only offenders; it would seem to be peculiarly characteristic of Scotch publishers, who greedily argue that the book would be sold by the impecunious reviewer, and that a copy would thus be lost to their sales. This theory is a remnant of the old Grub Street days, when journalists were too often in want of a dinner; it can scarcely amount to much at the present moment. There is, I believe, a tacit understanding with newspaper houses that the books are sold for the benefit either of the proprietors of the journal or of the staff. One great newspaper in Fleet Street is reported to sell all its review copies of books to a large second-hand bookseller, at an average of one shilling a volume. Another newspaper sells its books at an even higher average. I know one editor who parts with his books for a very considerable sum per annum; and, no doubt, the individual journalist

who receives a press copy, and is permitted to keep it, speedily transfers it to a second-hand book-shop. But this does not alter the fact that journalists should resent very strongly the pernicious way in which books are disfigured before they reach them. I have said that the Scotch publishers are most to blame, and I think that the enclosed list fairly demonstrates the fact—

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Methuen	George Allen
Geddes	Hodder and Stoughton
Bentley	Bowden

C. K. S.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Just for the sake of a little change, I do not propose to mention the word "sac-backed" coat to-day, so I suppose



AN AUTUMN FROCK.

I had better begin this discourse by the description of that dress illustrated, which has a sac-fronted coat—a charming little bolero it is, hanging in a pleat from the neck, and setting away from the figure, bordered with Eastern galoon. This is worn over an under-bodice of violet velvet, and completes a costume made of grey cloth, and on the border of the skirt again appears the Oriental trimming, which takes many colours, and takes them very well. The other sketch represents an evening dress of the palest of pink Duchess satin, trimmed with a diamond and silver sequin passemonterie. This has a vest of lace, the centre of which is decked with a large group of La France roses, while frills of lace fall from the revers on the bust, and edge the short puffed sleeves. Now, in order that I should keep my promise, and not mention that sac-backed jacket which I like so much, I will dilate on the charms of the cape, which are so many.

Foremost amongst these I shall exalt the cape of drab box cloth with machine-stitched strappings and a lining of fur. This is one of the possessions for which every woman with the due amount of respect for her wardrobe must yearn, it is so convenient a garment to wear either in the daytime or to put on in the evening when we just rush out to visit our intimate relations. Of course the ideal fur for lining such a cape is sable, failing that, mink, and failing that again—ermine, while in default of these we accept caracule. Ermine is a delightful fur to use as a lining, and no more attractive opera cloaks have ever been achieved than those of light-coloured velvet lined with ermine, with collars of sable. These, however, are very expensive, like all good things in this world.

The sable boa which we have loved so dearly now for the last two or three seasons threatens to be dethroned in favour of the Medici collar of fur. This appears on most of the jackets labelled "for winter," and with the new order of coiffure which elects that the hair should be combed right on to the top of the head, the Medici collar is exceedingly comfortable. In the depths of winter it will be possible to wear the boa inside this; but, of course, many coats have a fur collar at the back and in the front some dainty cravat of silk or batiste, so as to lighten the general effect at the throat. The variety of dainty cravats is positively endless. The simple form of white linen collar and bow tied in the front is capital for ordinary wear, but more elaborate arrangements have their charms in hem-stitched silken bows with fringed ends. Then, again, an effective cravat is made of a folded collar-band of watered silk, the front of this being decorated with a sailor-knot in the watered silk, the ends being trimmed with lace.

Evening frocks are just beginning to absorb a little attention, and on these it may be observed that there is a profusion of lace. An exquisite piece of lace did I meet yesterday studded closely with emeralds—these set in little metal claws looked quite beautiful. The lace was cream-coloured, and it

was about to do duty in the decoration of a black frock. Embroidered nets are among the latest cries of fashion for evening dresses, these showing coloured silk in patterns as well as elaborate designs in sequins and jewels. Very attractive is one white net which I know intimately, traced with steel and jet and silver. Small diamonds are used very profusely on these nets also, and there is no more effective way of trimming a black evening dress than with a black net studded with jet, diamonds and steel. An accordion-kilted skirt of black glacé silk has lately been elaborated by some inventive genius with a running pattern of iridescent green sequins, and the effect of this is lovely when allied to a bodice of black net again traced with green sequins. There is a predilection in Paris in favour of Mandarin yellow for trimming dresses and hats, and several of the evening gowns which hail from that merry capital have belts of orange velvet and a garniture of nasturtiums. The nasturtium is a flower which also plays its part in millinery. But yesterday I met a lovely hat of dark tan-coloured velvet with the brim bound with black velvet, the crown encircled with a band of black velvet tied into a bow at one side, where waved a large group of owl's feathers, while beneath the brim at the back was a cluster of the nasturtiums in every colour—it was a goodly hat! And then I have recollections, too, of a large bunch of nasturtiums doing their duty decoratively on a dress of white net embroidered with silver, which boasted a deep corselet of velvet of three shades of yellow. Perhaps, though, a prettier colour, and one which has also great vogue in Paris, is the periwinkle-blue; but when I say a prettier colour, I mean a prettier colour for day wear, for this has indeed no value at all for evening, the delicate nuance being lost under the influence of gas or electric light. However, in the daytime you cannot choose a more effective shade for a blouse, and, again, a felt hat of such a tone will suit nine women out of ten, especially when the decoration is of velvet to match, and the flowers used are Parma violets—such a pretty combination are these Parma violets with periwinkle-blue.

One of my "dearest friends," whose name is legion, has done something to strengthen my respect for her by giving me a picture of her new Inverness cape; she would have done more had she given me the cape, but that's a detail. She bought the garment at Boyd's, of Eiderdon fame and Belfast extraction, who have recently acquired a dépôt at 292, Regent Street, for our special benefit; it is called "the Princess," and is smart enough, with its checked surface and lining, limited length, and Medici collar, to induce admiration in the least appreciative of its kind; it does its duty nobly, combining the elegant with the comfortable.

But I have forgotten to tell "Andromache" that she may well use her fur in the manner she suggests; but it would look best on a dark drab box-cloth cape, which should be cut somewhat shorter than the sketch she sends me.

PAULINA PRY.



THE "PRINCESS" INVERNESS.

NOTES.

An inquiry that was bound to come some time is one that is involved in the case of Breay v. Crichton Browne, heard before Mr. Commissioner Kerr—how, to wit, ladies in



AN EVENING GOWN.

public business are to deal with an unfair chairman? A gathering of men has no hesitation in "making a row" when a chairman seems to need it—say, when he refuses to put a motion that is in order, or gives some strongly partisan ruling. But ladies do not like to howl, or hiss, or jump up and interrupt, persistently and untiringly, when the chairman has called on a speaker to "proceed with the next business." It seems that they must, then, submit to any injustice from the chair, or else they must learn to "make rows," and that would not be pretty.

But no! The matrons of hospitals are probably, as a class, about the most energetic, capable, and firm of all sorts and conditions of women, and it has been reserved for them to find the more excellent way of dealing with a chairman who has used his position in the chair to silence discussion. It is to sue him for damages! The Royal British Nurses' Association is a society of trained nurses, established under the active patronage of Princess Christian, and incorporated by Royal Charter, granted by her Majesty to the Princess and fifteen other ladies. It was intended to have the government chiefly in the hands of the nurses themselves, including in that term the matrons and the "Sisters" of hospitals; but, unhappily for peace, some doctors of the other sex were permitted to become members of the executive committee. Friction arose from the different views of some of these gentlemen and the women active in the association; and, at the last annual meeting, Miss Breay, a lady who was once matron of the British Hospital at Zanzibar, proposed to move a vote of censure on the executive committee. The chairman, Sir J. Crichton-Browne, ruled the motion out of order on the ground that notice of it had not been sent, as the rules required, in a registered letter. As a fact, the notice of motion had been sent as a "registered express" letter, and Miss Breay held the receipt of the post office in her hand, and offered it to Sir J. Crichton-Browne, but he still refused to put the resolution, and the ladies were apparently baffled in their attempt to change the policy of the executive committee. Miss Breay thereupon sued the chairman for damages for injuring her interests as a member of the association, and has gained a verdict. The case is interesting, and indeed important, in various ways. No wise chairman and executive committee ever shirk a vote of censure; they even waive forms to receive it, just as in Parliament a Government is held bound to make room for the moving of a vote of "no confidence" by any responsible member of the Opposition. After this trial, the unwise committees will have to do what the wise ones do as a matter of course—"face it out" when such a vote is desired by some of the members. It is interesting that the first attempt to compel a chairman by force of actual law to conduct the business of a society in a certain order should arise in a woman's association.

It would be a welcome change after a generation of dullness in men's attire if the Prince of Wales should succeed in introducing brocade waistcoats for men's

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evening wear. There has never been a period of such black and unrelieved gloom in male dress as the past quarter of a century, even white waistcoats having "gone out"; and we shall all welcome the novelty and prettiness if our gentlemen are once more to be distinguished from waiters by a touch of colour in the unobtrusive vest. It is a fact that the Prince has ordered from the Spitalfields weavers some of their thick brocade, fit for this purpose, but he has yet to wear a vest of it publicly.

What humanitarianism could not effect—the disuse of sealskin as a wrap for the rich woman—is very likely to be brought about by the extraordinary excellence of an imitation of it that has been discovered possible to make from rabbit-skins. The skins for this purpose are taken entire, and with no more cruelty, it is satisfactory to hear, than is involved in the putting to death of any creature. The result is christened electric seal.

There is a steady effort among the lady cyclists of England to obtain the advantages of rational dress and yet to appear to wear the old-fashioned skirt. Three handsome prizes were offered at the Cardiff Exhibition for the best cycling dress for a lady, and in each case the winner was rewarded for the ingenuity with which she had addressed herself to the task of wearing rational costume and easily hiding that she did so. The first prize was awarded to a coat-bodice in Lincoln green cloth, with white facings and a narrow red vest; the skirt was made slit up the back nearly to the top and at the sides about as far as the knee. When the rider took her seat on her machine, the back pieces of the skirt, of course, fell one on either side of the saddle, and the front breadth of it was worn turned up and buttoned to the waist so as to reveal a pair of green knickers, the turned-up portion serving as a sort of tunic over them. The second prize went to a lady who had a loose-skirted coat, like an ulster, over the full sort of knickers that are imitated from the costume of the Syrian women; when she mounted, the skirt of the coat was pulled up by strings under it and formed a drapery round the hips, which could be let down when she dismounted.

No doubt this is all very ingenious, but we can hardly wonder if it confirms our French neighbours in their settled belief that we are a hypocritical nation—that we do not mind what we do so long as we can maintain a pretence that we do not do it. Frenchwomen of all ages, and of even the highest ranks, when they took to cycling, adopted the only dress that is decent to the eye and safe in fact for the exercise—the full trouser, the feminine garment of considerably more than half the human family.

Perhaps Rosa Bonheur's popularity and high character, notwithstanding her life having been lived in double cylinders, may have prepared the public mind in France for the adoption of the same articles of apparel by other women as soon as they had an excuse as good as hers. The illustrious old painter (in her knickers) was received in Paris by the Russian Sovereigns at their own request.

F. F. M.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G B SPENCER (Minneapolis, U.S.A.).—Thanks for the problems, but the one-mover is rather an exploded theme by this time. The other shall be examined with a view to publication.

H T BAILY.—New problem shall be carefully considered.

PION.—They shall be duly reported upon.

F PHOCTOR (West Bergholt).—We have done neither at present, but will decide shortly.

R S THOMAS.—The game undoubtedly is won by Black. After R takes P (ch), White has no defence.

T E LAURENT (Bombay).—The problem is quite sound, but we cannot assist you in your difficulty, as you do not appear to understand the notation of the board.

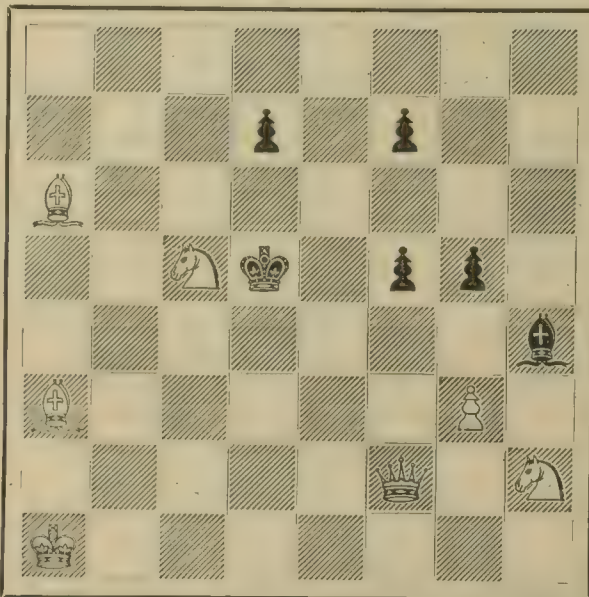
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2731 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2735 from Thomas E Laurent (Bombay) and Montie Hayfield (Dharrwal); of No. 2737 from J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2739 from John Hailey (Stoney Stratford), and C M A B (Bonchurch); of No. 2740 from Dr F St, R Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, J Bailey (Newark), J Lake Ralph (Purley), Captain J A Challiee (Great Yarmouth), Steynning, Z Ingold (Frampton), and H S Brandreth (Ajaccio).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2741 received from W R Raillem, F Anderson, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F James (Wolverhampton), Frank Proctor, G J Veal, Oliver Ingold, Edwin J Rust (Haverhill), Alpha, H Le Jeune, G D Gillespie, R Worters (Canterbury), J D Tucker (Leeds), R H Brooks, C E Perugini, J S Wesley (Exeter), J Coad, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), E P Valliamy, T Chown, Bluet, C E M (Ayr), W D A Barnard (Uppingham), Shadforth, Edward J Sharpe, M Riehoff, Sorrento, C B Dyer (Portsmouth), Eugene Henry (Lewisham), Captain Spencer, E Loudon, and Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg).

PROBLEM No. 2743.

By A. G. FELLOWES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2740—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE.

1. B to Q 2nd

2. B takes Kt

3. P to K 4th. Mate.

BLACK.

Kt to B 6th

P to B 5th

If Black play 1. P to K 5th, 2. Q to Q 7th (ch), K to K 4th or KB 5th; 3. Kt mates accordingly.

CHESS IN BUDAPEST.

Game played between Messrs. PILLSBURY and ALBIN.

(French Defence).

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	16. Q to R 7th	P to Q R 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	This is the turning point.	
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Kt to Q Kt 5th	P takes P
4. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	18. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to Q sq
5. P to K B 4th	P to Q B 4th	19. Kt to K Kt 5th	K to B 2nd
6. P takes P	B takes P	20. K Kt takes B P	K to Kt sq
7. Q to Kt 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	Cleverly getting his King into safety in view of the coming attack.	
8. P to K R 4th	P to K R 4th	21. Q takes R P	B to Q 5th
9. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. R to Q R 2nd	Kt to B 4th
10. P to R 3rd	Kt to Q 5th	23. Q to Kt 6th	Kt to K 5th
11. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 4th	24. P to R 5th	Q to B 2nd
Much turns upon this particular move, which doubles Black's Pawns and leaves the look's Pawn isolated and defenceless. Nevertheless, White appears to have been tempted from home with his Queen to this disadvantage.		25. R to R 3rd	B to B 6th (ch)
12. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B	26. K to B sq	P to Kt 3rd
13. Q to Kt 7th	R to B sq	27. K to Kt sq	P to Kt 6th
14. Kt to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	28. R takes B	Q takes R
15. P to Q Kt 4th		29. R to Kt 2nd	Q to K 8th (ch)
Another critical point in an interesting game. White aims at getting his Knight at Q 6th, and after a time succeeds, but the expense is too great, as Black soon turns the tables by a strong counter attack.		30. K to R 2nd	Q takes B
		31. R takes P	Q takes P (ch)
		32. K to Kt sq	Q to B 7th (ch)
		33. K to R 2nd	Kt to Q 7th
		34. R to Q B 3rd	R to Q 5th
		There is some fine play on Black's part in this game, especially in the ending. Now White is threatened both with R to B 5th (ch) and R to Kt 5th, and all is over.	

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Consultation game at Brooklyn Chess Club, Messrs. D. J. MARSHALL and A. J. SONWEINE opposing Messrs. W. E. NAPIER and J. D. ELWELL.

(Two Knights Defence).

WHITE (Messrs. M. & S.)	BLACK (Messrs. N. & E.)	WHITE (Messrs. M. & S.)	BLACK (Messrs. N. & E.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. K to Q 2nd	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	With the idea of pinning the Black Queen, but this manoeuvre is well met.	
3. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	13. R to K sq	P takes Kt
4. P to Q 4th		14. P takes B	B to K 3rd
A variation not much in vogue, but, apparently, leading, as in this case, to a very lively game.		15. K to B 2nd	Castles Q R (ch)
5. Kt to Kt 5th	P takes P		R takes R P
6. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 4th	Simple, yet one of the best of the many effective replies. Every move is, in fact, worthy of special attention.	
7. Q takes P	P to K R 3rd	16. R to K 2nd	Q to Q 3rd
8. P to K B 4th	B to Q 3rd	17. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Q R 4th
9. Q to B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. Q takes B	Q to Q 6th (ch)
10. P to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th (ch)	19. K to Q sq	Kt to Kt 5th
	P to Q 4th	20. P to K 7th	
Of course, a very strong move, freeing Black's position.			
11. P takes P	Q to K 2nd (ch)		

The championship prize of the City of London Chess Club will be a purse of £10 10s., or a work of art, presented by the president, Mr. A. Mocatta. The brilliancy prize will be presented by Mr. W. M. Wills; and, in addition, about £40 will be given in further rewards. The club, which is open daily, has been redecorated and lighted by incandescent lights, and great pains are taken to ensure the comfort of members. The hon. sec., Mr. J. Walter Russell, will be happy to send particulars to gentlemen wishing to join. Application to be made at the club premises, 19, Nicholas Lane, E.C.

The Twickenham Chess Club have altered their title to Thames Valley Chess Club, and removed the quarters to Clarence Hotel, Teddington, where they meet on Monday evenings. Chess players in the district are invited to communicate with the hon. sec.

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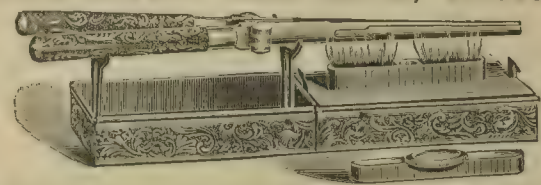
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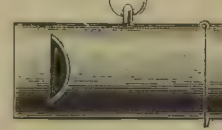
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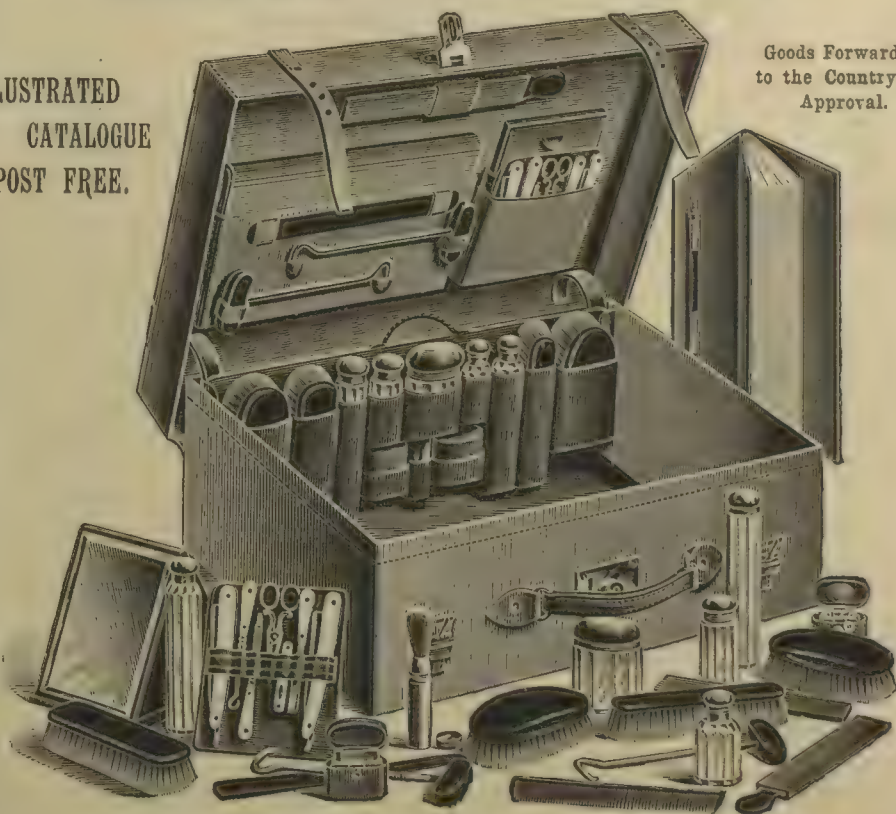
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Perthshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 17, 1895) of Mr. James Richard Haig, D.L., J.P., F.S.A., of Blairhill, Rumbling Bridge, N.B., and Highfield Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Feb. 23, granted to Alexander Price Haig and David Price Haig, the sons, Alexander Cunningham Anderson, Alexander Stuart junior, and Charles Robert Haig, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 8, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £150,185.

The will (dated June 13, 1895) of Mr. Charles Pole Stuart, J.P., of Sandy Mount House, Woburn Sands, Bucks, who died on Aug. 25, was proved on Oct. 8 by Robert Alexander Stuart, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £66,719. The testator, after stating that the benefits to his wife, Mrs. Anne Stuart, by his will, are to be in addition to those received by her under her marriage settlement, gives to her £300, his house and lands at Woburn Sands, the furniture and contents thereof, and an annuity of £200; £26 per annum to his gardener, James Tansley, and legacies to servants. He devises his cottages at Kempston, Beds, and Aldenham, Herts, to his son Robert Alexander Stuart. The residue of his real and personal property is to be divided into one more parts than he has children, and two of such parts are to go to his eldest son; Robert Alexander, and the

remaining parts equally between his other children. Sums advanced to his sons Robert and Reginald in his lifetime are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated May 17, 1895) of Mr. Edward Sheffield, of 60, Highbury Park, Islington, who died on June 3, was proved on Oct. 6 by Miss Marianne Sheffield, the half-sister, Edward Stone and Charles Stone, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,382 7s. 3d. The testator gives £600 to Marianne Sheffield; £500 each to Susannah Sheffield and Mrs. Emma Poole; £1500 to his brother, Henry Sheffield; £500 to his daughter's companion, Elizabeth Alice Pearse; £250 each to Edward Stone and Charles Stone; his household furniture and effects to his wife; £250 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £100 to the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association; £250 to the Congregational Schools, Lewisham; £100 to Cheshunt College, and other legacies. During the life of his wife, £400 per annum is to be paid to his daughter Ellen Carr Sheffield, and provision is also made for his daughter in the event of her marriage. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his said daughter.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1893), with two codicils (dated Oct. 1, 1894, and June 18, 1896), of Mr. Worsley Battersby, J.P., of The Knowle, Dunster, Somerset, who died on June 27, has been proved by Stuart Edward Smyth, the nephew, the Rev. Edmund Ledger, and William Taylor, three of the executors, the value of the personal

estate being £29,280 12s. 2d. The testator bequeaths £30 to his late coachman: £100 each to his executors; and £500 and his jewels and consumable stores to his wife. He also gives to his wife, during widowhood, the use of his house, with the furniture and contents thereof, and an annuity of £1500, to be reduced to £300 per annum in the event of her remarriage. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children, the shares of his sons to be twice as much as those of his daughters.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the holograph testament (dated Oct. 24, 1895) of Mr. George Hunter, late of 3, Marlborough Terrace, Kelvinside, Glasgow, who died on July 1, granted to John Moffat, Mrs. Agnes Hunter or Moffat, his sister, James Moffat, and John Hunter Moffat, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 13, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £20,847 0s. 5d.

The will (dated June 5, 1896), with a codicil (dated July 23, 1896), of Mr. Alfred Pulford, of Ravensdale, Tunbridge Wells, who died at Eastbourne on Aug. 13, was proved on Oct. 8 by Harry Elliott Pulford, the son, and the Rev. Richard Thornton Thornton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,491. The testator directs that his unmarried daughters are to have the use of Ravensdale, with the furniture therein, for two years from the date of his death. He gives and devises his

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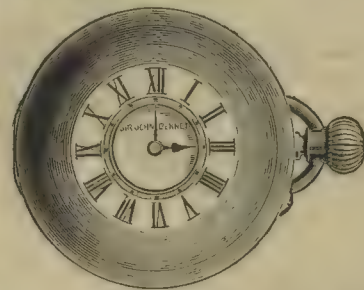
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THE TROOPS AT DONGOLA.

Sir Herbert Kitchener inspecting the newly-arrived Stores after Morning Parade.

premises at Wimbledon, with the freehold land adjoining, to his son Harry Elliott Pulford, and his leasehold house, 21, Broadwater Down, to his daughter-in-law, Annie Bell Pulford. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half thereof to his son Harry, and the other half, upon trust, for his daughter-in-law Annie Bell Pulford (the widow of his deceased son Alfred) for life, and then to their children as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will and codicil of Mr. Edward Aron, of 4, Clifton Lawn, Ramsgate, who died on July 16, was proved on Sept. 8 by William Hopkins Tomson, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £5789.

The will of Mr. John Farran Penrose, J.P., F.G.S., of Parkhenver, Redruth, Cornwall, who died on July 20, was proved on Oct. 9 by Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Penrose, the widow, William Michell Grylls, and Henry Paige, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5178.

The will of Mrs. Ines Augusta Travers, of 22, Prince's Gardens, Middlesex, widow, who died on Aug. 15 at Torquay, was proved on Oct. 3 by Captain George Alfred Travers, R.E., the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1372.

We regret that in our report of the will of Mr. Arthur Robertson Gladstone in our issue of July 18 last, Mr. Arthur Stuart Gladstone was by mistake described as the son of Mr. Richard Francis Gladstone (the deceased's brother) instead of as the testator's nephew.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Lord Dufferin took his leave last week of President Faure, and in a very little while Sir Edmond Monson will reign at the English Embassy in his stead. Sir Edmond will be nominally the twelfth Ambassador the Court of St. James has accredited to the French Government during the last hundred and seven years, but practically the number of envoys has been less, inasmuch as several diplomatists have filled this important post more than once. For instance, Lord Granville, who was recalled, if my memory serves me aright, in 1828, and returned in 1830; secondly, Lord Cowley, who, after an interval of ten years, resumed his functions in 1851. During this same period France sent us exactly two-score of Ambassadors, for, unless I am mistaken, Baron de Courcel is the fortieth—unless he is the forty-first—but I am not absolutely certain of this.

The last Ambassador under the ancient régime was George Granville, Earl Gower, who was accredited in May 1790 to Louis XVI., then already but the shadow of a King, and recalled two years and a few months later. For nearly four years after this England was not represented at all in France; then came James, Lord Malmesbury (1796), to negotiate a treaty of peace. His stay was of short duration, but he returned during the following year to take part with the French Plenipotentiaries

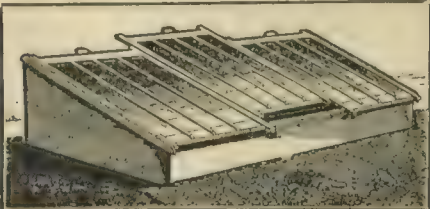
in the Lille Conference. There is no mention of another Plenipotentiary until 1801, when Charles, Marquis of Cornwallis, is designated to fill that function at the Congress of Amiens. Less than a twelvemonth later Lord Whitworth is accredited as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Consular Government, but he also is recalled within the year, and for eleven years all diplomatic relations are interrupted. They are resumed in 1814 by Wellington, who is succeeded in 1815 by the Chevalier Stuart, Wellington at the same time making the best bargain ever Ambassador made by the acquisition of the present Embassy from Pauline Borghèse, Napoleon's sister, for the insignificant sum of £24,000.

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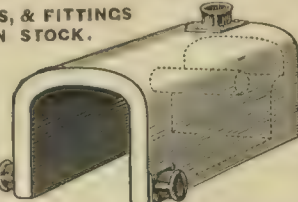
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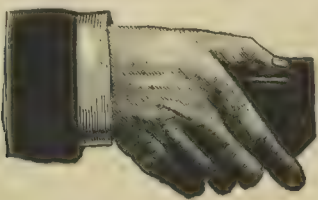


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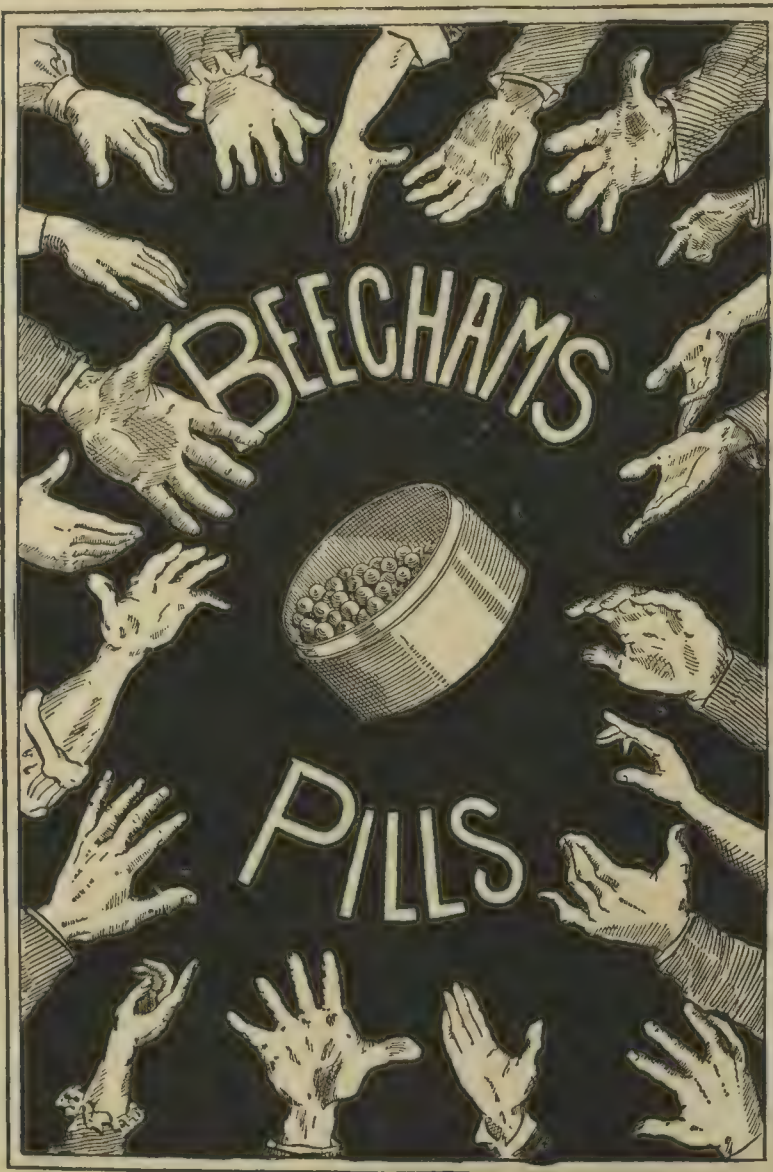
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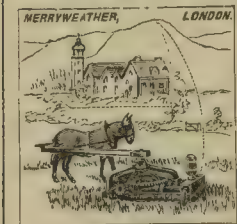
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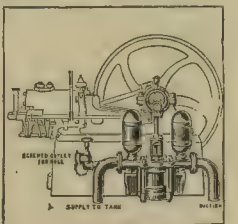
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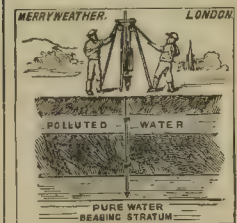
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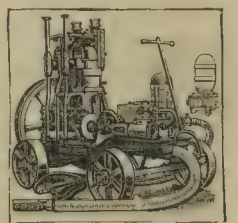
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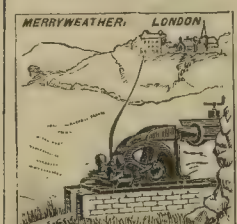
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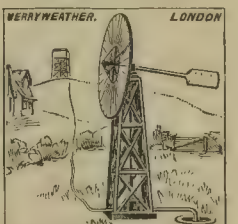
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noblesse. When the opportunity presents itself, I will give part of the history of the Faubourg St. Honoré in these columns. At present it is sufficient to state that the Embassy and the Elysée are absolutely the two oldest buildings in this faubourg. I am writing without notes, but I remember looking some few years ago at the maps of Paris published by Delagrave in 1728, and by Roussel in 1730. Between the Place de la Concorde and the Rond Point there were only two buildings, the Hôtel Charost and the Hôtel Evreux, at present the English Embassy and the Elysée. With the exception of the gardens attached to these, the rest was waste ground. The official residence of

President Faure is, of course, simply splendid, thanks to Napoleon III.; nevertheless, the Throne Room at the Embassy and the drawing-rooms are hard to beat.

In spite of all this, or perhaps because of all this, at least one Ambassador would have preferred a smaller dwelling, if not a less gorgeously furnished and more plainly decorated one. I doubt if Lord Lyons was ever really comfortable in this vast mansion. His immediate successor, on the contrary, was very much at home, for somehow Lord Lytton—who was one of the worst dressed men I have seen in my long experience—was exceedingly fond of splendour. I do not know sufficiently

of Lord Dufferin to give an opinion on the matter. The one who, however, enjoyed living in the Embassy best was Lady Normanby (1846-51). With her ex-
crable French, which was only surpassed by that of Lord Brougham, she gathered around her a good deal of very lively company. She was, no doubt, an excellent hostess, but it is a moot question whether her guests came to enjoy her good fare or her very amusing blunders. Such doubt was not permitted either in the case of Lord Granville or of Lord Cowley, both of whom spoke French like natives, and coached their spouses where they wanted coaching.

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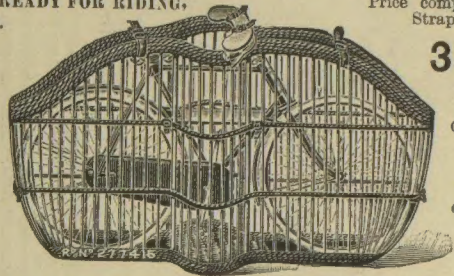
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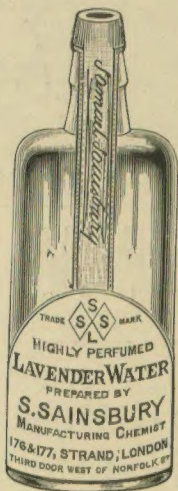


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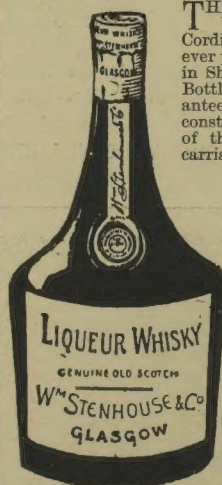
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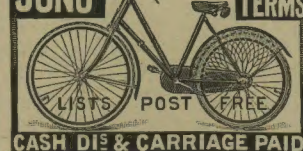
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